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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

Art Literature & the Drama.

The BYSTANDER

No. 449.—Vol. XXXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 10, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

BRITAIN CELEBRATES THE FOURTH OF JULY

By receiving Canada, in the person of her Premier, Mr. Borden, as Working Partner in Imperial Defence. The photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Borden being greeted at Paddington on Thursday last

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" ROBERT HALE, IDA CRISPI, FARREN SOUTAR, etc., in "THE WATER NYMPH," LYDIA KYASHT, THE THREE RUBES, etc. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production, "GIPSY LOVE," a MUSICAL PLAY in 3 Acts. English Libretto by Basil Hood. Lyrics by Adrian Ross. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. Mat., Sats., at 2. Tel. 201 Ger.

GARRICK. "FIND THE WOMAN." A Play in Four Acts by CHARLES KLEIN. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND VIOLET VANBRUGH. EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINÉE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production a Musical Play in Two Acts, entitled "THE SUNSHINE GIRL." Box Office open 10 to 10.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.40. GERALD du MAURIER and Company in a New Comedy "JELF'S." By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. MATINÉES, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.40.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. Every Evening, at 9. MISS MARIE TEMPEST produces "AT THE BARN," by ANTHONY P. WHARTON. At 8.20, "LITTLE RED SHOES," by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE. MATINÉES, Weds. and Sats. (both plays), at 2.20.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. English version of OSCAR STRAUS Operetta, "THE DANCING VIENNESE," with CONSTANCE DREVER & Co., ADELINE GENÉE & Co., WILLARD HUTCHINSON. 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2.30 and 8. ETHEL IRVING and CO. in "DOLLY'S LITTLE BILLS," ETHEL LEVEY, CHUNG LING SOO, BRANSBY WILLIAMS, and Star Co. 1*s.* to £4 4*s.* 650 Gerrard.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W. ALWAYS THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 6*d.* to 5*s.* Private Boxes, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.*, and £1 1*s.* Albert Chevalier, The Bogannys, Horace Hunter and Co., Henry Lamore, O'Gust, The Meymotts, The Three Mahers, Fred Karno, J. W. Rickaby, May Moore Duprez, The Opera Trio, etc., etc.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY
HORSE & SHEEP SHOW,
AUGUST 27, 28, 29, 30.

Entries close for Horses on July 25 (Single Fees), and on Aug. 1 (Double Fees). Entries for Sheep close finally on July 18.

For particulars apply to the AGRICULTURAL SUPERINTENDENT, Leinster House, DUBLIN.

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£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

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FOR those who take the month's cruise of the "VECTIS," from London on July 16, not much of Norway's coast and fjords will remain undiscovered. The chief attractions of this cruise are, of course, the sunlit nights of these high northern latitudes and the visit to Recherche Bay, headquarters of the Spitzbergen whale fishery. The conditions which have prevailed in northern waters this spring give every promise of a successful and pleasant summer voyage to Spitzbergen.

For Illustrated Programme, Plans of the Ships and all information apply to P & O Co., Northumberland Av., W.C., or 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., London.

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Cr. 7	PENINSULA & MOROCCO	23 Sept	10 days
Cr. 8.	HOLY LAND & EGYPT	9 Oct	29 days
Cr. 9.	ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c.	9 Nov	15 days

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

PROPLEMS OF THE PACIFIC. By Frank Fox. (Williams and Norgate: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE DIARY OF FRANCES, LADY SHELLEY. Edited by R. Edgcumbe. (Murray: 10s. 6d. net.)
PHYNETTE MARRIED. By Marthe Troly-Curtin. (Grant Richards: 6s.)
THE LAST RESORT. By H. F. P. Batterby. (Lane: 6s.)
THE NEW LIFE OF GEORGE BORROW. By H. Jenkins. (Murray: 10s. 6d. net.)
DAMOSEL CROFT. By R. M. Gilchrist. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
EXOTIC MARTHA. By Dorothea Gerard. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST. By J. Gore. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE EMPORIUM. By Alex Holmes. (Allen: 6s.)
JEAN CAMERON. By W. Otterstoun. (Simpkin, Marshall: 6s.)
PILLARS OF SMOKE. By Mrs. S. Wrench. (Long: 6s.)
HIS LITTLE GIRL. By L. G. Moberly. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
CROWNS. By Winifred Macnab. (Lynwood: 6s.)
A ROBINHOOD OF FRANCE. By Michael Kaye. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE UNKNOWN WOMAN. By Anne Warwick. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE GUILTY MAN. By François Coppée. (Greening: 6s.)
IMPROPER PRUE. (Long: 1s. net.)
THE PRICE OF POSSESSION. By the author of "Improper Prue." (Long: 6s.)
THE WOMAN BETWEEN. By E. Bosanquet. (Long: 6s.)
COUNTRY RAMBLES ROUND LONDON. By A. Collett. (Grant Richards: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE NEW WOOD NYMPH. By Dorothea Russell. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
BRASS FACES. By C. McEvoy. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

100 Years of Peace—

AMONG the many things that we ought to be getting a great deal more excited about than we are is the fact that (as the American Ambassador reminded us at the Fourth of July Dinner) this is the hundredth anniversary of our last war with America. It seems to have been a war which the two parties fought without either of them being quite clear what they were fighting about, and finished without either being quite sure who had won. Certainly this is a war which the two peoples ought to celebrate in appropriate fashion themselves instead of leaving it to others, like the Italians and Turks.

***

—And the Explanation Thereof

INSTEAD of celebrating the centenary of the war itself, Englishmen and Americans are pretending to be celebrating the hundred years peace which has followed upon it. Of course, I endorse enthusiastically every platitude uttered. But if the last attempt at an Anglo-American War was such a miserable failure, the fact that we have not troubled to have another one is to be attributed to our mutual dislike of being bored rather than to an excess of fraternal sentiment.

***

The Real Peacemaker

TO tell the truth, Anglo-American affinity is an institution of very recent origin, for which (list, ye Liberals !) the world has to thank the late Marquis of Salisbury. Until the year of grace 1895, England and America regarded each other with little else than contempt, and war between us was not a whit less possible, from time to time, than between us and any European Power. In 1895 we came to the brink of war over Cleveland's Venezuelan ultimatum. Lord Salisbury, however, saw further into the future with his eyes shut in a fog than most of his contemporaries did with telescopes in broad daylight, and he used the Cleveland "bugaboo" to bring into existence the Arbitration Treaties, which have been the biggest diplomatic achievement of recent times. How we good Jingoes jeered at our Marquis at the time ! What an old woman he was not to retaliate on Cleveland with the big stick and put the little beggar in his place. Now—well, we go to Fourth of July Dinners.

***

Mutual Affinities

THE meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser should cause Sir Edward Grey a sleepless night or two. He has, I suppose, really done his best to estrange St. Peterburg and Berlin, but the estrangement never seems to last very long or to go very deep. The fact of the matter is that the Governments of Germany and Russia have the natural sympathy of bureaucrats for one another. No amount of artificial "understandings" or licenses to play the pirate in other people's country can restrain natural affinities for long, and in the event of a rupture between Russia and the Dual *Entente* it is not Russian money that will cease to bear interest.

***

The Broken Reed

IT is not particularly pleasant to think of these things, but, then, the European situation is not particularly pleasant just now. In any case, it would be sheer lunacy for this country to rely implicitly on a Government which, if report speaks truly, cannot always be trusted even to back up its allies. Incidentally, how about that Moscow loan which was floated a few weeks ago ?

***

"All Contributions," etc.

IF the Canadian Cabinet have really brought Dreadnoughts with them (or, rather, the offer of the price of one or two) our enthusiasm should know no bounds. There is no doubt, I suppose, that

A NEW SONG

THE RAGE OF THE SEASON

EVERYBODY'S LICKIN' IT

As introduced by Mr. Lloyd George at the Westminster Palace of Varieties

—o—

Everybody's lickin' it,
Lickin' it, lickin' it,
Everybody's lickin' it,
Lickin' it, lickin' it
(with great energy).

See that busy couple over there,
Master and servant with one loud cheer,
Stick the insurance stamp in the square,
It's a peer, it's a peer, it's a peer,
Hear !

Everybody's lickin' it,
Lickin' it, lickin' it,
Everybody's lickin' it,
Lickin' it, lickin' it
(with emotion).

Ain't that scene stirring up your heart ?
Chef and 'tweeny' playin' each their part,
Come, come, come, come and see how
Everybody's lickin' it now !

(STAMP DANCE.)

Extra Verses specially adapted for a Powerless Chorus of Protesters at the Albert Hall.

Everybody's funkin' it,
Funkin' it, funkin' it,
Everybody's funkin' it,
Funkin' it, funkin' it
(with indignation).

See these people cursing Mr. Geor—
—ge as they've done Mr. Tillett before,
What with taxes, fines and Form 4,
He's a bore, he's a bore, he's a bore,
Lor' !

Everybody's funkin' it,
Funkin' it, funkin' it,
Everybody's funkin' it,
Funkin' it, funkin' it
(with resignation).

Ain't that bill enough to make you strike ?
Mayfair, Soho, Poplar think alike.
But it's no good kicking up a row,
Everybody's . . . lickin' it now !

(WAR DANCE.)

The English Ascendancy in Lawn Tennis

our Government will accept it—if made. They are sudden, of course, but, then, so are many handsome proposals. My only personal doubt is whether Canada can possibly keep it up. The demand for Dreadnoughts is likely to increase as years go on, and if we can count on sustained and regular assistance from the Dominions, well and good. Occasional donations, however well-meant, are not altogether in keeping with Imperial dignity, and there is also the risk that a return of the Laurier party may mean a rebuttoning-up of the Canadian pocket.

***

The Canadian and His Continent

FOR my part, I was not over pleased to find half the page of a leading newspaper devoted, on the morning of Mr. Borden's arrival, to a map showing the comparative sizes of Canada and the United Kingdom. The inference that territorial size has anything to do with military and naval power is a stupid and a vulgar one, calculated to offend English susceptibilities without flattering Canadian ones. Anybody who has talked to the average Canadian finds that he is a little reserved on the subject of the Dominion's size, remembering, as he does, the sparsity of the population. The Canadian

A. W. GORE

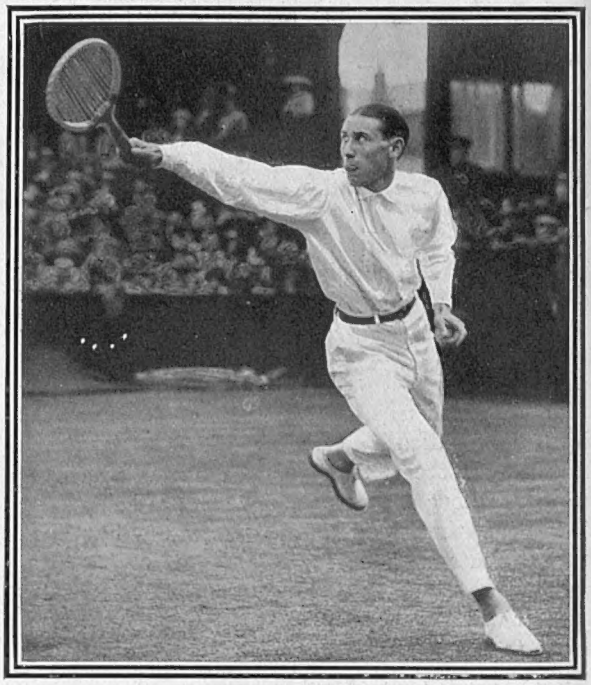
Who, although brilliantly successful against Gobert in the All-Comers' Singles, failed to wrest the Championship from A. F. Wilding

of to-day is pleased with the social progress of the Dominion, and with its increasing standard of civilisation and elegance, but is no more flattered by allusions to his vast wheatfields, pine forests and boundless prairies than he was by Mr. Kipling's tribute to his snows.

***

Forty-five Beats Twenty-two—

LAWN Tennis has been ever so much more interesting since the international element has entered into it. The World's Championship so far has always been won by a representative of one of the English-speaking races, but every year the continental nations get nearer and nearer to the coveted honour. This year France possessed an undeniably rosy chance, and after the convincing way in which her young champion, André Gobert, came through to the final



A. H. GOBERT

The French player who, despite early promise, was decisively beaten in the final of the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon by the veteran, A. W. Gore

of the All-Comers' Singles, no one expected that he would "crack up" in the way he did in the final on Saturday against England's veteran champion, A. W. Gore. Many averred that Gore, who has reached the age of forty-five, was too old to win the All-Comers'; the result has proved that Gobert, who is half his age within a year or two, was too young. When the pinch came in that critical third set the old stager kept his head. The young one lost it, and with it the almost invincible cunning of his hand. In the fourth set it was only a question whether Gore could keep going long enough to press home the advantage he had gained, for Gobert played as one who did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, and when the end came the sigh that went up from the crowd showed how breathlessly this international battle between England and France had been watched.

***

—And the King's Cup Stays in England

THANKS to Gore's pluck and coolness England's outside chance of retaining the King's Cup (which is held for a year by the winner of the All-Comers' Singles, whether he subsequently beats the holder of the World's Championship or not) had come off once again. But France will win the Championship one day when Gobert gets an older head on his young shoulders. It was unlucky for her that Gobert should have met and beaten his compatriot, Max Decugis, before the final after a terrific tussle, for "Max" is an old campaigner—not quite such a fine player as Gobert, but a better tactician. He might quite conceivably have beaten Gore.

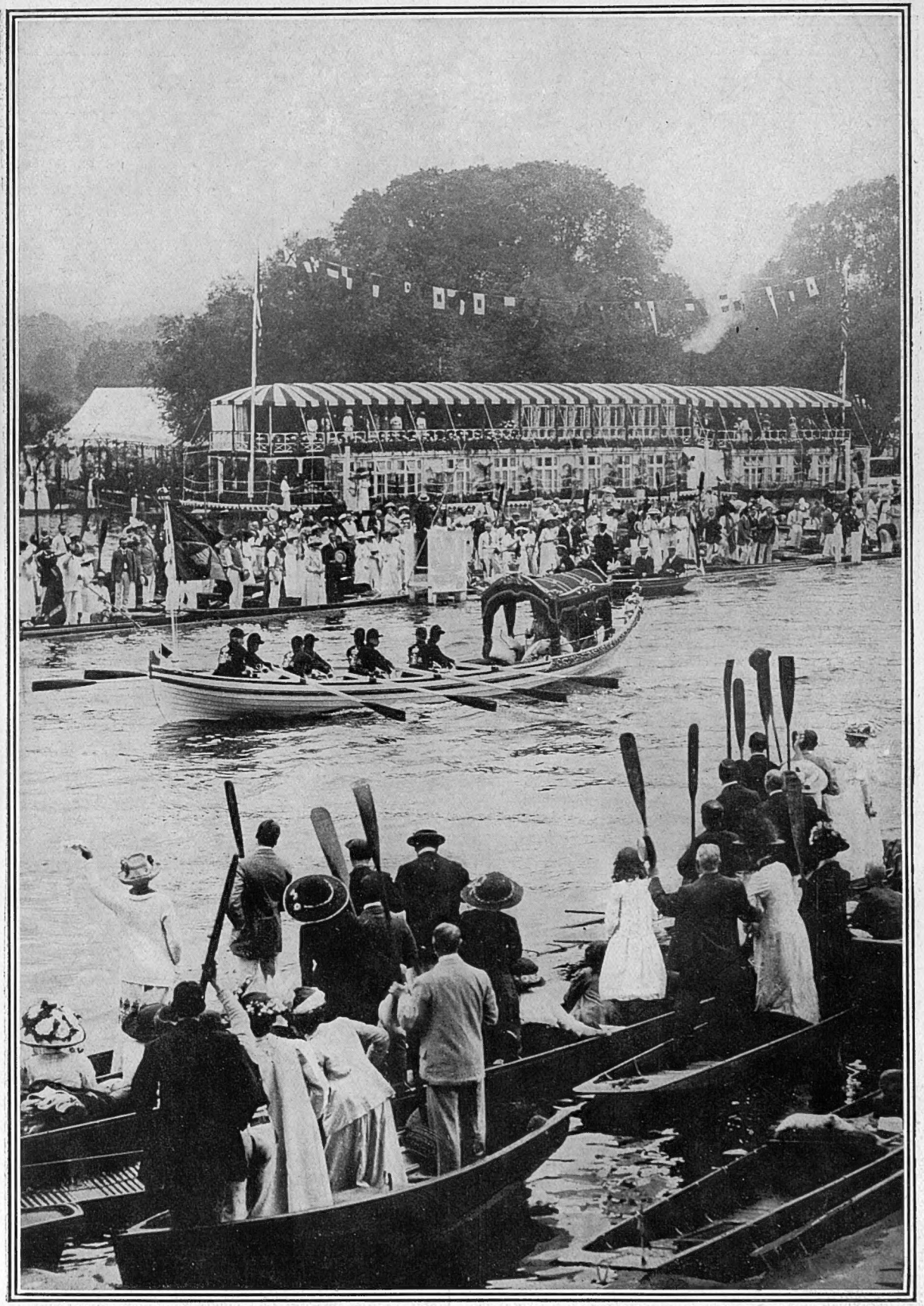
***

The King's Success at Henley

THE Royal visit to Henley must, critically speaking, be pronounced a success, both as a spectacle and as a social affair. The Regatta has not, of late years, attracted quite the "right people"—

(Continued on page 60.)

THE ROYAL TOUCH AT HENLEY

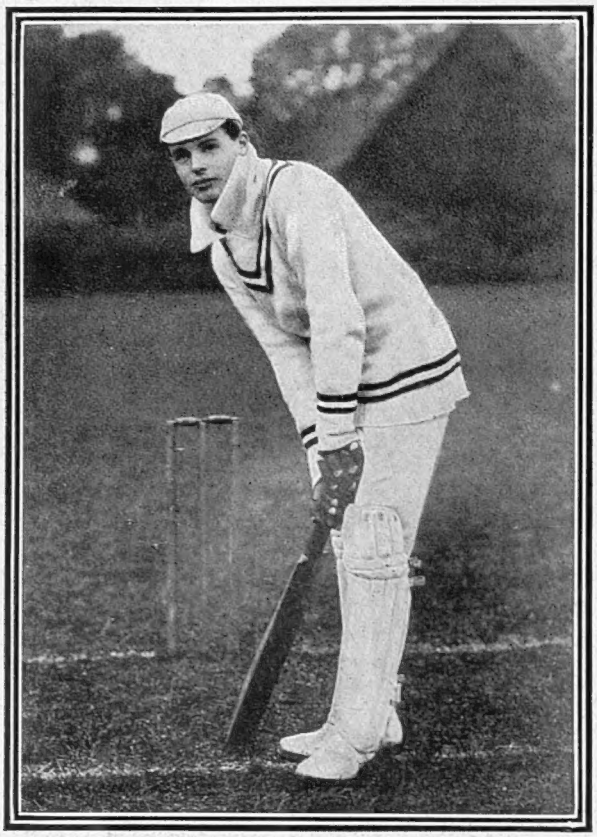


Photograph *Central News*

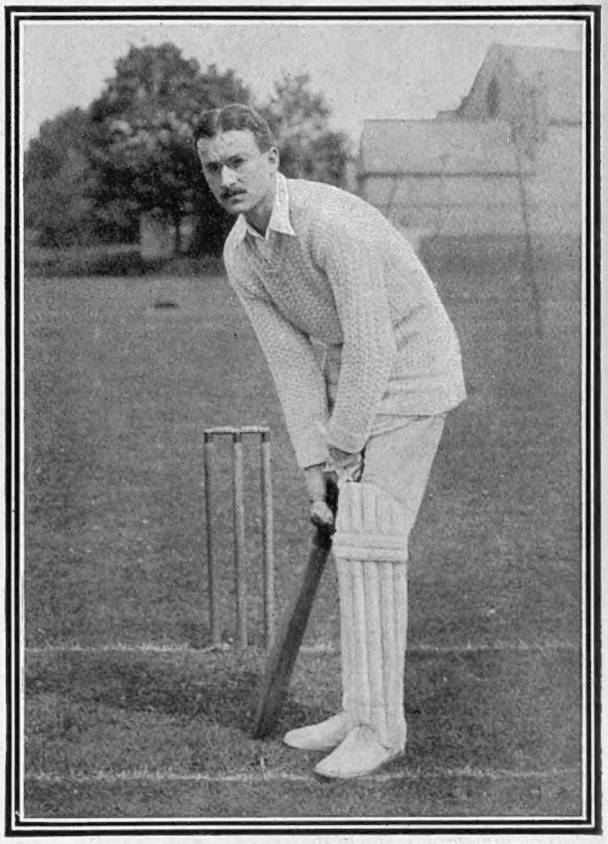
The visit of the King and Queen to Henley on Saturday, and the water journey in the State barge, gave the social fillip to the Regatta which of late years it has notoriously lacked. It is the first time the King and Queen have visited the function, and, as the weather was fine, the occasion was a memorable experience for those attending

Leaders at Lord's

THE FOUR CAPTAINS IN THIS WEEK'S BIG MATCHES

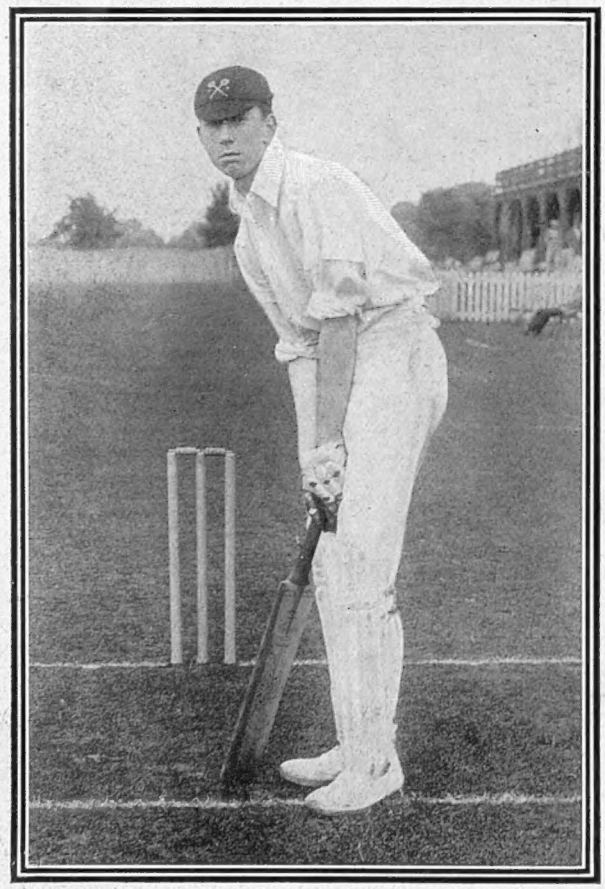


R. H. TWINING, THE OXFORD CAPTAIN



E. L. KIDD, THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN

Lord's is the scene this week of the two biggest events of the season in 'Varsity and Public School cricket. The 'Varsity match was scheduled to begin on Monday last



Photographs

D. G. WIGAN, THE ETON CAPTAIN

Sport and General

C. H. BLOUNT, THE HARROW CAPTAIN

Eton v. Harrow is, perhaps, even more renowned as a Society function than Oxford v. Cambridge. It is due to be played on Friday and Saturday next

Personalities of the Week in Society

Photograph *Langfier*

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY

The engagement is announced of Lady Marjorie Manners, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, to the young Marquis of Anglesey. Both are well known in Society. Lady Marjorie Manners and her sister, Lady Diana, have always been prominent in the public eye. Decidedly unconventional, they have always been interested in the arts rather than the sports which are supposed to be peculiarly fitted to be the tastes of the British Aristocracy. Lady Marjorie is decidedly gifted artistically

Photographs

LADY MARJORIE MANNERS

Lallie Charles

VISCOUNTESS CURZON

Who is to be the Queen of Beauty at the Earl's Court Tournament on July 11

A New Naval Scare in Prospect

largely because it did attract the others. The Royal visit certainly had the desired effect. The Spanish paper that told us about Ascot Regatta was not so very far out of it, as Henley this year was, socially speaking, a sort of Ascot—with boats in place of horses. The spectacle itself has already been described at length. It is a pity that scarlet is necessary as the colour of the Royal barge and of the costume of the watermen in view of the fact that Her Majesty's dress and Princess Mary's were of pale blue. Tradition seems to have committed an act of *lèse-majesté*.

***

Social Revolt Against the Season

WILL Henley remain "Royal?" It is already being discussed whether their Majesties will repeat the visit next year. Everything would seem to depend on the extent to which Royalty intends henceforth to identify itself with the London Season calendar. It may, possibly, prefer to associate itself with that growing class which revolts against this tyranny—a revolt which showed itself by sparsely peopled benches at the recent Horse Show. Many people are beginning to desire the complete overthrow of the calendar, which bids "everybody" be in this place or that at the appointed time, whether or not he or she is interested in the function to be witnessed.

NELSON RETURNS TO WHITEHALL

THE HERO OF "THE NILE": *"Turn the blind eye to economy, Mr. Churchill; hold the Mediterranean and you'll be having a statue in Trafalgar Square one of these days"*

BY E. T. REED

More Money Wanted

THE week opens with two new appeals for public subscriptions of an entirely different kind. The one, opened by Mr. Wyndham, asks for subscriptions to a Chamberlain Birthday Memorial. The other, opened by some Bishops, asks charity on behalf of the victims of the Dock Strike. In the first case, the appeal seems a legitimate one. There is no reason whatever why Unionists should not be given an opportunity of honouring, in his lifetime, the man whose ideas were for so many years a source of strength to his party, even if, latterly, they have been the cause of weakness.

***

To Save Them From Themselves!

AS to the proposed Dock Strike Fund, I find myself refreshingly in agreement with the *Daily Mail*, which seems to have been influenced, consciously or otherwise, by THE BYSTANDER'S recent protest against newspaper fund-mongering. "The remedy," says the *Mail*, "is easy and obvious. The men have only to return to work." That public charity should be looked on as a reserve fund to save the families of workers from the effects of Syndicalist agitation is an idea I am glad to see so powerfully jumped upon.

***

New Naval Scare in Prospect

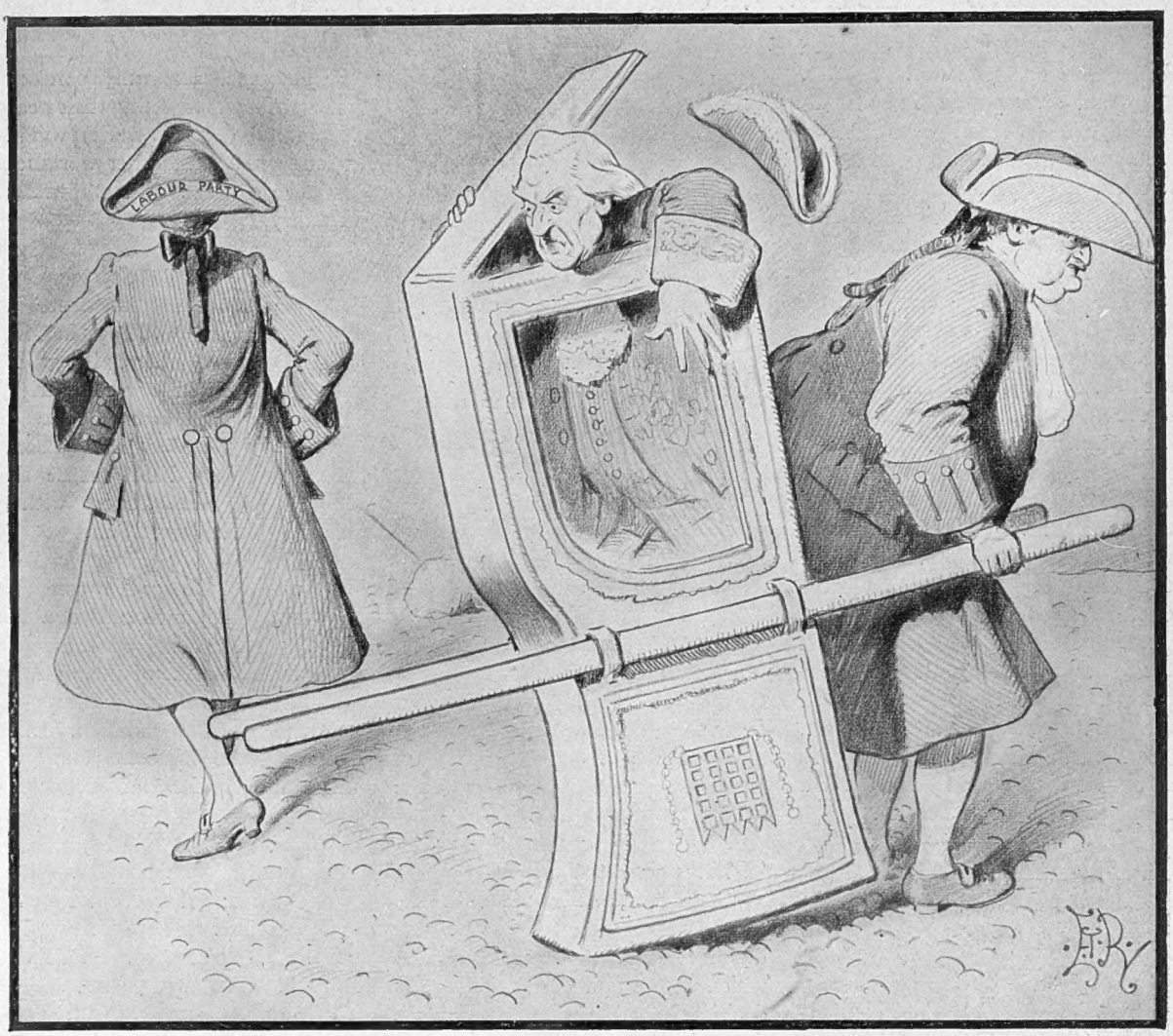
THE gossips are again busy with international crises. *Why* the Naval Review this week, seeing that we all had such a splendid opportunity of seeing the fleet last year? It is said that Mr. Churchill would hardly have concentrated the Fleet in the Channel solely to let M.P.'s see, once again, what they already saw but a twelvemonth ago, and the concentration is attributed accordingly to the foreign situation. The withdrawal from the Mediterranean, so damaging to our prestige in the East, is claimed to be explicable on no other ground than an urgent need of the ships nearer—and now. Add to this the continued decline in Consols, and you will agree that the gossips have at least the right to talk.

***

The Eternal Sex-Controversy

MISS MAY SINCLAIR replies very cleverly in the current *English Review* to Miss Cecily Hamilton's scathing attack last month on "Man." The latter, it may be recalled from a quotation in THE BYSTANDER, discovered the male sex to be selfish and sybaritic, loving luxury and comfort, also scandal-mongering. Miss Sinclair very kindly replies that *she* has found men to be gallant, generous, and chivalrous, and if they love luxury why shouldn't they, seeing how much they have to endure to be able to secure it? But what kind of wrong-sightedness is this which attributes one set of qualities to one sex and another set to the other? You can find comfort-loving, scandal-mongering men, and brave, self-sacrificing women, and vice versa. If one sex appears to have qualities peculiar to itself, it is the result of circumstances and tradition rather than of nature, which is sexless.

Asquith's Sedan: By E. T. Reed



CHAIRMAN RAMSAY MACDONALD DROPS HIS END AND WALKS OFF TO HANLEY AND CREWE

The Palace Command Performance

PARTISANS of the "legitimate" (if that word still distinguishes the drama from variety) are shaking their heads over the Palace Command Performance. "The King's kindly action," writes an esteemed correspondent, "may in the end do great harm to the very business that it was designed to encourage. Already one variety favourite who appeared before His Majesty has proclaimed that 'from this time onward variety is going to rank with the legitimate!' Now your music-hall performer is a really good fellow on the whole. He has no artistic mission, nor is he, on the average, very squeamish. For this latter one must not blame him, as he is almost invariably of very inconsiderable education, and naturally gives the public what seems to his uncultured mind most likely to be appreciated. Big salaries have never made him lose his head or forget his place. Up to date he has known that Art and his nightly avocation are as wide apart as the poles asunder. But what is he thinking now?

***

The Danger of Turned Head

"FROM what has been written recently in leading newspapers, variety performers are artists of an order at least as high as that which enrols a Paderewski, a Forbes Robertson, and a Tetrazzini. These harmless and often quite amusing people, in other words, are in danger of having their heads turned, as, alas, was that of a certain jester of beloved memory who was himself the recipient of Royal favour." No doubt very true. But I doubt whether the world that amuses itself is nowadays very much concerned with class distinctions between those who amuse it. Any form of entertainment is, to the modern mind, "legitimate," provided always that it entertains.

***

"Chauncey" on Elections and Specialists

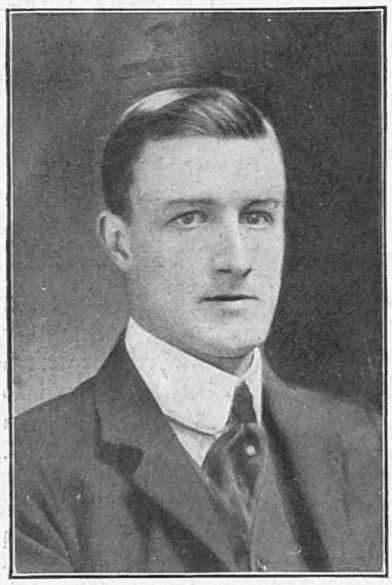
MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW greatly delighted his auditors at the Independence Day Banquet. Never was he heard to greater advantage. Invited by the American Ambassador himself to explain the present state of American politics, "Chauncey" waxed a trifle contemptuous. Chicago and Baltimore were pale, anæmic affairs compared with the party conventions of earlier days. Cheers? Why, in 1892, when Mr. Depew, as proposer of the official Republican candidate, inadvertently mentioned his opponent Blaine, 14,000 people in the galleries cheered for forty-five minutes. When he mentioned his own nominee, Harrison, the rest of the audience rose and cheered for an hour. Now, none of the names mentioned were cheered at all. People were only indifferent. It is interesting to know that the American public attitude towards party politics so closely resembles the British.

Chauncey Depew on Specialists : Afterthoughts

The Age of the Specialist

This was the age of the specialist, said Mr. Depew, and after mentioning one or two instances came to Metchnikoff, "who discovered the microbe of old age. We're all going to live for ever. When I think of some of the men I know, that don't make me quite happy." Then there was the great specialist surgeon who said, "Chauncey, I've listened to your speeches for forty-four years, and they're fine. There's only one thing I live for now, and that's for the honour of operating on you for appendicitis." "If I hadn't been well surrounded," added Mr. Depew, "he'd have done it there and then." Then the specialists who discover the Poles. What enthusiasm they arouse! When the Cook-Peary controversy was on, there were two ladies who could not contain their enthusiasm for either of the explorers. At last the Pearyite proved that her man was the real discoverer. The Cookite snorted. "Well," she said, "Dr. Cook's a gentleman *and* a liar, and Peary—he's neither."

———o———



Photograph Elliott and Fry

MR. RITTNER

Conservative Candidate for Crewe, who should have an excellent chance of winning, in view of the three-cornered contest

AFTERTHOUGHTS

Mr. Bottomley should surely be pleased now. The Business Government at work. Discussion on a Bill to be limited to experts on the subject. Yesterday (Tuesday), in a House composed only of Little Navy Members opposed to the adjournment for the Naval Review, the order of the day was — the Mental Deficiency Bill. Bravo, Master of Elibank!

DR. WOODROW WILSON

The Democratic Presidential Candidate, whose selection by a united party is said to put both Roosevelt and Bryan out of the running

Tit-Bits offers as a poster: "Things Mr. Lloyd George Ought to Know." We warn our instructive little contemporary that any further attempts to spring an Encyclopædia on the British public will arouse resentment.

* * *

Things seem to be looking up in England, after all. In the Summer Ballroom at Earl's Court a dance competition is announced, at which we are told that "the judge's decision is final." Certainly in these days of compulsory arbitration it is

Photograph Elliott and Fry

MR. OUTHWAITE

Radical (not Labour) Candidate for Hanley, whose selection has led to the Liberal-Labour "split," which is to change the whole course of party politics—perhaps

a relief to be certain of a simple little thing like that.

* * *

The ethics of "peaceful picketing" are developing nicely, as the following quotation from our one and only Socialist daily shows. "At Dunkirk the seamen forgot for a while their peaceful attitude and soundly, but without brutality, thrashed a gang of blacklegs." Perhaps the time will soon come when strikers, forgetting their peaceful attitude (for awhile) will be encouraged to cut other workmen's throats "soundly, but without brutality."

* * *

According to a telegram from Tromsö, a German expedition has annexed Ebeltoft Bay, in Spitzbergen, "where there is ground especially adapted for airship trips." One knew, of course, that the Germans wanted something somewhere, but one did not realise that they would be satisfied with a place in the Midnight Sun.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George has compared his Insurance Bill to a lifeboat, and already there are rumours from some of the principal watering-places that, unless the comparison is withdrawn, collections for the Lifeboat Fund will this summer fall far below the average.

* * *

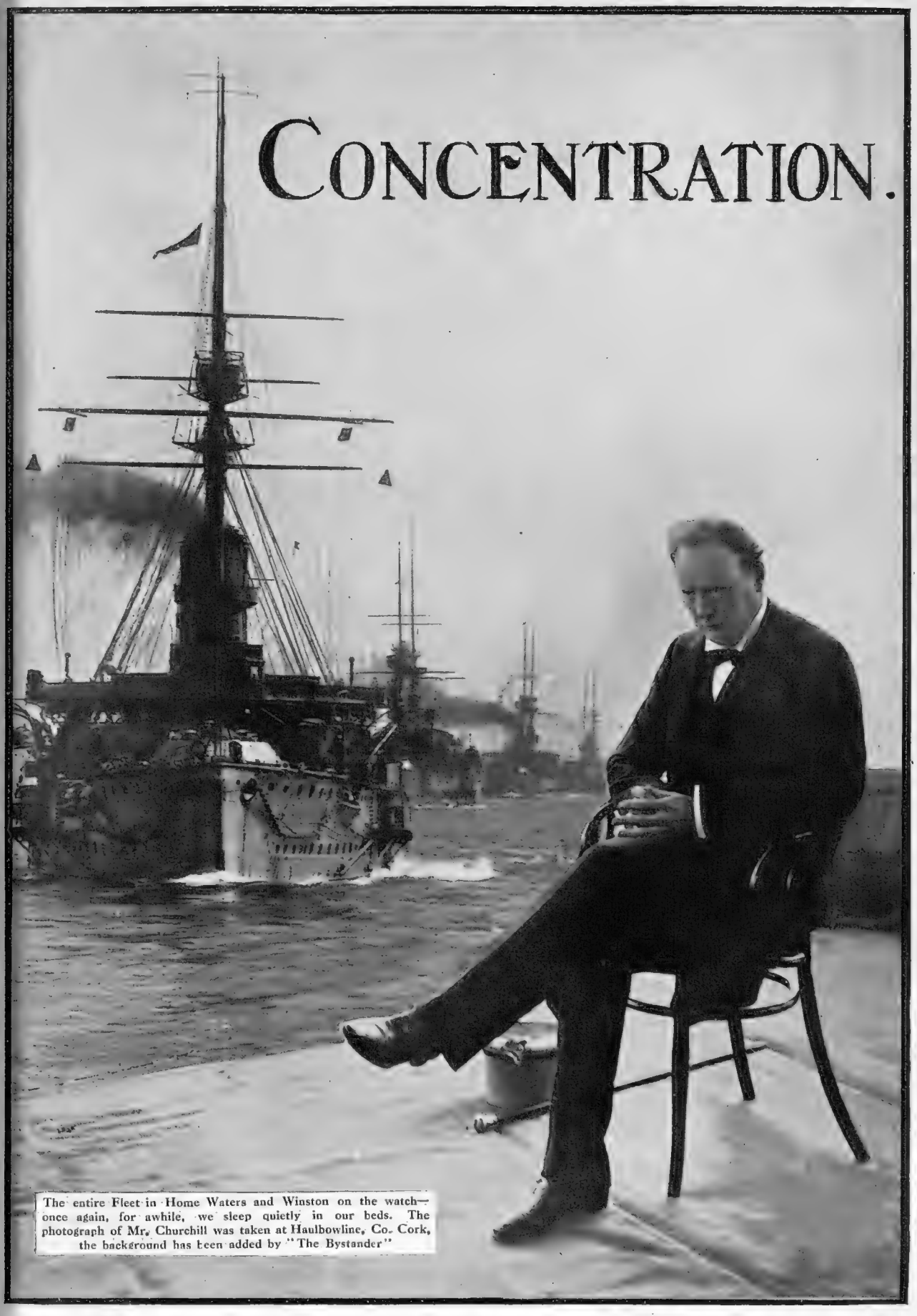
"Special" Sundays have been denounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. "There are already," he says, "Temperance, Peace, Empire, Sanitary, Labour, Anti-Vivisection, Flower, and even Pudding and Boot Sundays," and it seems they are not wanted. Perhaps a Sunday for Booting Charitable Specialists would be a good thing to institute?

Photograph Elliott and Fry

MR. W. DUDLEY WARD

Liberal M.P. for Southampton, whose prolonged absence in Canada is causing dissatisfaction in his division. A resolution was lately passed demanding his return to England, Home, and Duty

CONCENTRATION.



The entire Fleet in Home Waters and Winston on the watch—once again, for awhile, we sleep quietly in our beds. The photograph of Mr. Churchill was taken at Haulbowline, Co. Cork, the background has been added by "The Bystander"

Left to right: America (Mr. Halliwell Hobbes), Germany (Mr. Herbert Greville), Mr. Punch, the Conductor (Mr. Frank Arlton), Italy (Mr. C. F. Collings), Russia (Mr. J. W. MacDonald), John Bull (Mr. Fewlass Llewllyn)

DISCOVERY OF A DRAMATIC GENIUS IN REGENT'S PARK

Among the many attractions to be seen at the Botanical Gardens last week was the inevitable serio-comic play, this time "The Viperess's Vengeance," and from the pen of Mr. Geo. R. Sims. Above we reproduce a photograph in which will be seen to advantage, or otherwise, some members of the cast

REVIEWED BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

ONE is accustomed to attend matinée productions nowadays with a feeling of reluctance and hopelessness. A play produced at a matinée has been almost invariably boring and entirely unsatisfactory, ever since Hamlet's first morning production of *The Mousetrap*.

The announcement of the first and only performance of a new play, *The Viperess's Vengeance*, by a Mr. (or is it Miss?) G. R. Sims, at the Theatre Royal, Regent's Park, inspired momentarily, however, a spasm of hope, inasmuch as it was clear from the advance notices that a purely Italian company had been engaged. After seeing the play, we are at a loss to say why, unless it was desired to chime as agreeably as possible with the multitude of ice-cream stalls in the *foyer*.

Sims, the new author, is obviously of the Shaw-Barker-Raleigh-Monckton school. Every detail of action, every line of dialogue, are eloquent of his indebtedness to these masters. He has, moreover, the elusiveness of Christabel Pankhurst and the forthright determination of mind of Mr. George Lansbury. He is a man whose brain product seethes with promise. Indeed, there is one moment in his play which reveals him as a great dramatist, but there our praise must end. No doubt he will make £2,000 a year for life out of this and similar plays, but *to what genre does he belong?*

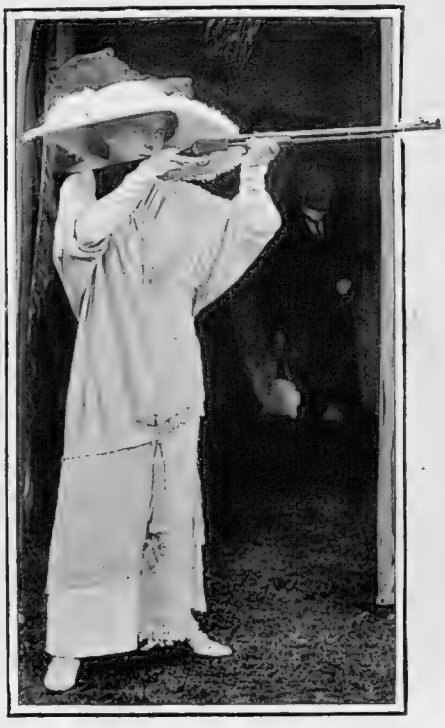
Consider the plot. A woman, Diavola (Signorina Evelynina d'Alroyetti), obviously a study in homicidal mania, is introduced to us as eternally anxious to destroy her illegitimate stepson. She has many husbands. Few, save lawyers, will quibble at that absurdity. Her stepson is a Marquis (Signor Kennethoff Douglaskoff), and it is his business in life to look as like Little Lord Fauntleroy as possible and talk like an English actor at his best. Here is the woman's motive, and a sound one, too, for her blood-lust. But the new dramatist denies us the right to sympathise with her. He plays up the Marquis. Even to the extent of letting him elope with the dearest little housemaid in the world (Signorina Verakoff Coburnosi). This may be Ibsen, but it cuts no ice in the era of Wilkie Bard and Happy Fanny Fields.

Here we may pause to inquire into the extraordinary character of an unnecessary person in the play, by name, Titus Squelch, who, after making himself exceedingly offensive to all other characters, eventually loses his life by licking stamps, by gum! The part was played by a Signor Cyrilo Maudini with an aplomb and verve that betokens well for his future, but why, we piteously inquire, was it introduced at all? Here, the inexperienced dramatist betrays himself. The plot would have got on ever so much better without

Victims of the Theatrical Fête

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN THE ARCHERY COMPETITION

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY GOLFING



MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AT THE RIFLE RANGE

this essay in the pseudo-realistic—(the character is that of an escaped convict, a clever touch being the wearing of a yellow suit spotted with broad arrows)—and the play would have been over a little earlier, thus enabling the critics to consider what they were writing about instead of declaring the performance adequate.

This play is not a tragedy, it is not a farce, not a comedy, not a melodrama. As I said before, it is redolent of the influence of the Hemmerde-Glad Eye school. It belongs to no *milieu*. It is a freak. Art cannot shelter it. It is bad, primarily, because I have never seen anything like it before.

To what a pretty pass has the British drama come? Is this the material that is to compete with the soul-ennobling lyrics of the music-hall stage? Can this type of dramatist hope to woo the great democracy from the foot of the actor whereon squat the Bards, the Tiches, and the Humpsti-Bumpstis? Is *The Viperess's Vengeance*, forsooth, to ask for the plaudits that greet such Vaudeville triumphs as "Ginger, You're Barmy" or "If the Manager Only Thought the Same as Ma?"

What is your answer? You who have felt the tears gush to your eyes in ecstasy as the music-hall comedian dropped the pile of plates, you who have found satiety of sense when the acrobat fell through the drum? What is to become of our stage? Can it any longer compete even with the cinema, with its sublime reproductions of the runaway bicycle? The answer, alas! is a dull, heavy, hopeless negative. The era of Honest Fun has arrived. The legitimate is dead.

MISS KATE MOFFAT AND HER BUNTY DOLL

MISS MARIE LÖHR SELLING BANANAS

The performance, by the way, was given in aid of the Actor's Orphanage, which does all it can to encourage actors to die by providing for their children afterwards. Hence, perhaps, the co-operation of the man, Sims, and the approval of quite a number of other dramatists.

B. Macdonald Hastings

MEN WHO MATTER

MR. J. M. BARRIE: PLAYWRIGHT, PHILOSOPHER, AND PIPE-SMOKER

IT seems the fashion nowadays to speak of one author in terms of another. Almost every day Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett must be shivering in their shoes when they read how this or that author will shortly be beating them at their own game. If the particular writer under consideration happens to have a vagabondish turn of mind, it is Mr. Locke who finds himself in a similarly distressing position. If an alleged witty conversation be disguised as a play and produced on a stage, it is Mr. Shaw who must look to his laurels or whatever he wears in their stead. But no one seems to speak of James Matthew Barrie in the same unkind manner. His name rarely occurs in a review. There is no Barrie school. You may speak of him as the English Maeterlinck, if you admire Maeterlinck without having read him—as is so often the case. But you do not bracket him with any other writer in Great Britain.

The reason seems plain. The author of "A Window in Thrums" stands by himself, and no one, so far as I know, has endeavoured to place him in the literary scheme of things. Barrie, no doubt for reasons best known to himself, refuses to be so placed. Probably Arnold Bennett came nearest to the truth when he tackled the problem in pre-Peter Pan days. "Whether Mr. Barrie is a literary artist or not," he wrote after expressing doubts on the point, "he is an undefined Something that we enjoy. As for posterity, posterity may think of Mr. Barrie what it likes; and that is just what posterity will do, till it likes not to think of him at all."

Now, Barrie probably owes his double success as a novelist and playwright to his cool disregard for convention. Take the average play, and you will find, if you are learned in this kind of thing, that the plot is one of thirty-three possible combinations of human beings in process of loving or teasing or killing one another. Take the average novel and observe how often the hero makes love to the heroine. But Barrie has always proceeded along other lines. His plays are like nothing else under the sun. Writes one critic: "He takes leave of realism outside the theatre doors—wishing it good-night with a smile half-malicious half-ingenuous." Well, this may be true or not; at least, it suggests something out of the ordinary. It suggests the possibility of his being able to circumvent those thirty-three possible combinations. And to have done this, as, indeed, is the case, is surely something which in itself marks him off from the rest of mankind. Consider what he has written: some half-dozen plays, some half-dozen books. Look at his plays—*The Admirable Crichton*, *Little Mary*, *What Every Woman Knows*. In one he has given you the life-history of an amiable butler, and has somehow squeezed into this semi-farcical story a fairly complete Philosophical History of Civilisation. In another he has rechristened the stomach, and by so doing done much to awaken the nation to the singular fact that the stomach is (very nearly) the root of all evil. He has invented the Peter pantomime, and the ridiculous creature who calls himself adult has instantly realised how much more important than himself is his child. And with his books the same holds good. His discovery of Thrums is of geographical importance. His exploration of Kensington Gardens, until then totally unknown to civilisation as a place of any interest, has already borne fruit. And his relation to a brand of tobacco has made possible the establishment of a huge factory where, no doubt, hundreds of men can find employment. Now, the novelist usually does not do these things. He is content to tell you a plain story. He sits in his chair with the express intention of filling three hundred pages of print. Not so with Barrie. He sets out on a journey in some unknown, but important, dimension, and gives you the results of his observations. But these journeys are perilous, and that is why Barrie stands alone.

It is because Barrie makes these voyages into strange regions that people read and admire him, for the strange regions lie very near to their own homes. Many people see things after they have been shown where to look for them, and Barrie is an admirable guide. He puts on a peaked cap and plays Cook's man at the entrance to Fairyland. And in that capacity he jokes and frolics with his personally-conducted party like a boy out to enjoy his holiday, a boy keen to climb walls and find wonderful gardens, but also like a boy intent upon getting into scrapes, a freakishly agile boy, a lovable child who has not the smallest intention of becoming stupidly grown up. Indeed, it was Barrie who exploded the old idea that it is necessary to grow up into respectability and stiffness and immense learning and all the rest of it.

There is in existence a biography of him with dates and particulars. He was born fifty-two years ago at Kirriemuir. He has written at least two books which are already forgotten, and a play which is not in the official list in "Who's Who." He is an M.A. and an LL.D., neither of which degrees have done him any harm. He is also a member of the Athenæum, which is a square club in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall. He is the last man to be seen in the street, not because he is not there, but because he is the last man you would look for. His modesty is a by-word among his friends, and he burns his letters. He smokes a pipe which is invariably the worse for wear. It is on record that a lady asked him whether he was fond of children, but, then, it is also on record that another lady once put a similar question to Swinburne about the sea. Neither answer is known. Both were probably identical. He has been accused of over-sentimentality. But who hasn't? His humour has been called "pawky," but that is probably because he was born in Scotland. One day he will write the "Authentic History of Fairyland." Some people say he has done it already.

Next week's "Man Who Matters" will be MR. JOHN SARGENT, R.A.

MEN WHO MATTER. *By "MAX"*

NO. XI.—MR. J. M. BARRIE

LE ROY LE VEULT

THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE AT THE PALACE THEATRE

IT was a great evening. Mr. Alfred Butt very kindly gave me a ticket that authorised me to roam over the beautifully decorated house as my fancy might dictate; but so many other people had the same privilege that every time you took a step in one direction the crowd pressed you back a step in another. So I stood in a quiet corner for three mortal hours, shifting my weight alternately from one foot to the other in order to get a little rest. After the first hour, Mr. Morrow decided that he would be more comfortable if he leaned on my shoulder, and then somebody leaned on him with the same restful end in view. As time went on, there were nearly a dozen people resting on somebody else around me, and I was bearing the combined weight of the lot. If I had not been buoyed up by the reflection that I was doing it for my dear country's sake I think I would have stepped aside suddenly in a mischievous moment and watched the procession topple over. I am glad to say however, that only once was there any fear of my collapsing, and that was when a man in front of me decided, abruptly and without warning, to place his arm akimbo. It was not the right thing to do in such a crowded place, and I felt extremely unhappy until I got my breath back.

I am very fond of gazing upon Royalty; but the gangways opposite the Royal Boxes were crowded all the evening by people who with a nice discrimination had decided for themselves as to which would be the most interesting spectacle of the evening. They were a very correct and well-dressed crowd, and, incidentally, they acted as a convenient index to the Royal mirth. They scarcely took their eyes from the distinguished visitors, and when we saw them smile we knew that either the King or the Queen was being particularly amused. The performance opened with Pipifax and Panlo, a very modern version of the usual acrobat and his comic attendant. It was a most happy commencement to the entertainment. I guffawed consumedly, and I have since read in the papers that the Queen laughed heartily at it as well. It pleases me very much to know that Her Majesty and myself appear to have the same tastes in matters of humour.

I missed a good deal of the performance owing to my inability to see over other people's heads. Once a tall man in front of me went out; and as he did not seem to be coming back I insinuated myself into the position he had vacated. When he did return finally I apologised for occupying his place; but in the most graceful manner in the world he said it did not matter as, if I would forgive him for mentioning it, he was taller than I, and, therefore, probably able to see better over the heads of the crowd. As he stood at least six feet four in his shoes, while I have never had any height to boast of, his argument was indisputable. George Robey was very funny as the Mayor of Mudcumdyke, and one at least of his cleverly-worded jokes was well outside the drawing-room standard. From the stern set faces of the spectators opposite the Royal Box I judged that neither the King nor the Queen laughed at it, although the rest of the house gave a wild shriek of appreciation that I had scarcely expected from so polite an assembly. Mr. Robey's humour is evidently a little different from that which prevails in really good society. I infer this from a comment that reached my ears during his remarks about his mayoral robes. He alleged that when he wore them for the first time his wife remarked that he was four days late, as it was then the ninth of November. When the laughter had died away a distinguished-looking lady near me asked her gentleman *why* the event was four days late. He explained hurriedly that the—er—fifth of November was—er—Guy Fawkes day, don't you know; and the lady then laughed a good deal. Mr. Robey should follow Artemus Ward's plan of offering to come among the audience and explain any joke that may have missed its mark at the first shot. During the *entr'acte* the people who were leaning on me for support moved farther on, and I was able to push Mr. Morrow back against the wall, and to request him to lean against that. A little later on, however, a large and well-nourished lady came and leaned her massive arm on my shoulder for the best part of half an hour, and when I got home I had all the difficulty in the world to account for the powder on my coat-sleeve. Ladies should really not be so inconsiderate.

One of the most successful performers was Miss Fanny Fields, who received quite an ovation when, like the other artistes, she came before the curtain at the close of her turn to bow her acknowledgments to the distinguished audience. Her nimble dancing and her droll stories took the fancy of the house at once. Another turn which made an undoubted hit was Mr. Harry Tate's sketch, "Motoring." Assuming the extent of the Royal mirth to have been adequately reflected by the broad grins of the ladies and gentlemen who spent the entire evening staring at the King and Queen, their Majesties must have had an extremely jolly time. Mr. Tate was one of the few performers who did not seem to feel the restraint of the Royal presence. His turn was given, if I remember rightly, with all its original gags and business, and Mr. Tate and the other well-known members of his popular company seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely. The Command Performance from first to last went without a hitch, and the management of the Palace are to be congratulated on their acknowledged success.

JINGLE

On Monday of last week their Majesties attended a music-hall performance, at least, a performance in a music-hall by music-hall artistes. True, the Palace Theatre was a bower of roses, and smoking was forbidden. Nevertheless, the entertainment provided was representative of all that is most popular on the variety stage and we have reason to believe that their Majesties' enjoyment of the fare provided was even more hearty than has been represented by the most florid and fulsome of newspaper scribes

BY NORMAN MORROW

The Cave of the Golden Calf

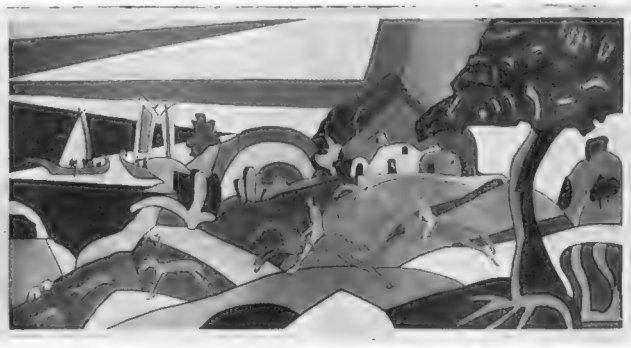
Public Taste

As an endemic form of entertainment it is difficult to believe that the "artistic cabaret" can ever have any success in England. Nor do I think under the circumstances that any attempt to popularise it would be particularly admirable. The persistence with which people, who ought to know better, try to graft on a patient populace various art-forms generically unsuited to its needs and tastes is quite amazing. But it is not on that account praiseworthy. On the contrary, I believe that if only our æsthetic prigs would take as much trouble in discovering and developing the natural tastes of the English public as they do scoffing at them as "British," the results, even from the purely artistic point of view, would be far more satisfactory. For Art is not only the affair of artists, but of the audience to which the artists address themselves. Moreover, has the English people really the bad taste it is the fashion to attribute to them? For my part I do not think so. The very good, provided it be of not too special a nature, nearly always succeeds in England. Consider *Sumurun*—a failure in Paris — the Russian Ballet, Wagner's music, the only infallible "draw" at the Queen's Hall, Shaw's plays, Well's novels! The catalogue may not be perfect, but it is respectable. Indeed, it seems to me that our public without being eclectic or curious of new things—a defect, surely, rather than a vice — is capable, on the whole, of a very sane appreciation of what is worth while.

TWO OF THE MURAL DECORATIONS AT THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN CALF, BY CHARLES GINNER AND SPENCER GORE

The lower picture is, we understand, in what is known as the "neo-primitive style." The upper we suggest to be in the "paulo-post futurist" manner. As designs they are extremely decorative, and, in view of the late hour at which the Cabaret closes, it would be quite superfluous either for us or the members to trouble about the subjects they are intended to represent

Photographs *G. Wickmer*



Mainly Personal

Now, of course, the Cave of the Golden Calf, which is the synonym for the new Cabaret Theatre Club in Heddon Street, makes no pretence at a popular appeal at all. It is frankly exotic, likely to be very cosmopolitan in membership, planned to provide just the things which the ordinary Englishman does not particularly want. Let me hasten to say that this is not written in any spirit of condemnation or even of criticism. On the contrary, my own personal tastes being very much those of the enterprising people responsible for the undertaking, are in favour of all these things. I like to be able to sit up to two or three o'clock in the morning if I want to, without the fear of tiresome—and quite unnecessary—municipal interference, to hear songs in French or German, watch an excellent Spanish dancer, and listen to amusing parodies of modern French music. But the predilection is merely personal; I do not want other people to share it. Indeed, I do not expect them to, unless they have had an education somewhat similar to mine. Incidentally, I am afraid this article is getting very egotistical, but it seems important to emphasize the difference (if any) between the man and the critic.

A Delightful Evening

However that may be, I should lack not only gratitude but common courtesy if I did not take this opportunity of thanking Madame Strindberg for her kindness in enabling me to pass a most delightful hour at the club. Moreover, I was not present on a gala night, such as Sunday, when there was a performance of Pergolesi's ever-charming opera, *La Serva Padrona*, but on quite an ordinary night, when there were no special attractions at all. And really the programme was excellent. There were two *chansonniers*, Rienzi, who has some very good tricks of what may be christened "cabaret technique," and who sang us a jolly song about the Batignolles, and Bokken Lasson, who contrived to appear as a Pierrette without making one wish to commit suicide from sheer boredom and despair. Best of all I thought were four Indians, who sang some native tunes in a queer nasal tone that rather reminded me of Naples. The tunes, which were all modal, seemed to me quite first-rate and the variety of rhythm fascinating. The one flaw in the evening's entertainment was, I think, that English folk-songs should have been sung by a lady who, charming as she might be, remained very much a foreigner. With such talented exponents of the folk-song as Mr. Clive Carey or Miss Sterling-Mackinley always with us, I can see absolutely no reason for such a palpable absurdity. FRANCIS TOYE

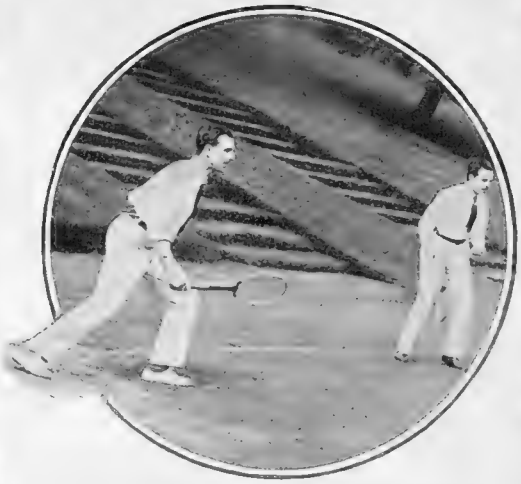
Royal Exiles

ENJOY THEMSELVES — WITH OTHERS—ON AN ENGLISH LAWN

COUNTESS ZIA TORBY

COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, COUNTESS NADA TORBY, AND PRINCE GEORGE OF SPARTA

MISS MEYSEY THOMPSON



VISCOUNT CURZON AND DOM MANOEL PLAYING A DOUBLE

DOM MANOEL SERVING

BARON GAUTSCH

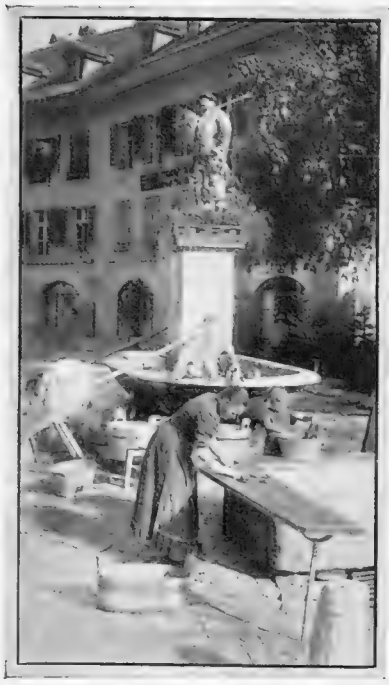
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AT THE NET

Photographs Woodland Fullwood

Our photographs, which were taken recently at H.I.H. Grand Duke Michael's private Lawn Tennis Tournament at Ken Wood, Hampstead, show, among others, two exiled members of Royal houses, Dom Manoel of Portugal and the Grand Duke Micheel of Russia, playing lawn tennis. We do not know whether Dom Manoel knows his Shakespeare well, but, if so, he possibly recalled, as he played, the lines in "Henry V." alluding to the Dauphin:

"When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard."

Dom Manoel will, however, have substituted the word "Portugal" for France



The Läufer, or Courier

Who is clad in red and black, faces the Old Bridge (formerly the main entrance to the city), and, so to speak, announces the arrival of the stranger.

Justice

Round the blindfold figure will be seen four heads, and it says much for the assurance of the sixteenth century Bernese that they ranked their own President with the Pope, the Emperor, and the Grand Turk

Strength, as the Handmaiden of Justice

Represented by Samson strangling the lion. As will be seen in the photograph, Samson is dressed in the trappings of a Roman gladiator

A Visit to Berne, the City of Fountains

QUITE apart from their blessings for man and beast, fountains have in all ages played their part in the poetry and folklore of nations and in the adornment of cities. Our own capital is not exceptionally fortunate in this respect. The famous lions in Trafalgar Square and the new Victoria Memorial opposite Buckingham Palace are, perhaps, the least execrable. It is, however, in drier climates than ours that fountains have a peculiar significance, and in Eastern cities they are, in fact, centres of gossip and favourite meeting-places. In the mediæval cities of Germany and Switzerland fountains are conspicuously beautiful, and most travellers are familiar with the famous Goosewan of Nürnberg, the beautiful fountain in the Dresden Conservatorium, and the well-known "Mauritiusbrunnen" at St. Moritz. Yet there is a city with a more wonderful series of fountains, mostly of sixteenth century workmanship, and that city is Berne. As a matter of fact, now that most of the houses in the modern quarter of the city have water laid on to all floors (and many of those in the lower town are frequently, as I saw them the other day, flooded by the turbulent waters of the Aar), the fountains of the Swiss capital have lost something of their former value from a sternly practical standpoint. Their water has always been notoriously pure, but this, after all, is the point of view of the practising tee-totaler, whereas my own interest in these statues is purely academic. The fountains of Berne must number a score at least, but only ten of them are the work of Hans Geiler, the Fribourger, who executed them for the city between the years 1540-45. I had the greatest difficulty in collecting reliable information about them. Murray, in his nineteenth edition, devotes a few lines to the subject, but says nothing of the symbolism involved in the order in which they occur. Indeed, I should have remained in ignorance of it had not a kindly chance guided me to the study of Dr. Zesiger, who has charge of the city archives, and who forthwith took down his hat and conducted me round the fountains in the proper order in which they should be inspected. Photographs were prepared for this article by Fuss, the chief photographer in Berne, but the extraordinary colouring of the figures, not to mention the blaze of geraniums round each column, must, of course, be left to the reader's imagination.

F. G. AFLALO

The Zahringen Fountain

Represents Duke Berchtold V. (of Baden), who founded the city of Berne in 1191, as a bear in armour, with a little bear (as squire) eating a grape

"Water, Water Everywhere"

Protection of the City

The Sharpshooter stands opposite what was formerly the headquarters of the musketeers, and the little bear in attendance has a gun at its shoulder

Merriment—this is the Pfeifferbrunnen, or Bagpiper

With him is a child playing on a flute, and the column bears a frieze of dancers and such symbols of gaiety as the fool's cap and bells

Photographs

Another Protector of the City in the Person of a Crossbowman

With ostrich feathers in his hat and a little bear also using a crossbow. This is supposed to be one Ryffli, a famous bowman in his day, who, in 1340, slew a notorious tyrant

Fuss, Berne

Superstition—the Kindlifresser, or Ogre

One explanation of this gruesome figure eating children is that it was intended to frighten the town children from falling into the water: but another tradition associates it with a superstition that the Jews abducted their neighbours' children for sacrificial rites

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The Bystander in PARIS

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

The Immoral Octopus

When I was a small boy there were still some relics of an aquarium in Westminster Aquarium A special friend of mine there was that immoral beast, the octopus. The first time I made his acquaintance he was put in the shade by a little shoal of gold and silver fish in the same tank. Next time I visited the tank the gold and silver fish were still there, but I couldn't see them because they were inside the octopus. And I believe now that he was only a kind of jelly fish, anyway.

The Day of the Drags

Something like that has happened to Paris Society. When I think over the *grande semaine* through which we have just lived it strikes me with a most undoubted whack that the social functions of the *grande semaine*, as well as of the other fifty-one, have disappeared as utterly as the gold and silver fish of my youth. For instance, a few days before the Grand Prix was the "Day of the Drags." Drags, in case you should not know the word or should wish to connect it with my aquarium story, is the French word for "four-in-hands," on the same lines that *le footing* is the French for a walk. Now, I can remember when the "Day of the Drags" meant the historic names of France in the most modern clothes on coaches so numerous that they had some difficulty in lining upon the Place de la Concorde. On the "Day of the Drags" this year eight coaches lined up and drove to Auteuil and the polo at Bagatelle afterwards. The people on them were Society people certainly, but among them were a Prince of a German house and his Princess, and though there were a few old French names on board they were well swamped in names from overseas and from Judæa *via* Johannesburg. In the days of my youth Mondays at the Opéra and Thursdays at the Comédie Française used to be the days when Society occupied the boxes and the stalls. It was as difficult, unless you were a friend of someone in Society, to get into the Opéra or the Français on *abonnement* nights as for the proverbial camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Nobody bothers much about *abonnement* nights at the Opéra and the Français in Paris nowadays, nobody is really keen on going on a four-in-hand to Auteuil; the names at so-called social functions which are supposed to represent Parisian Society are largely diluted with names which may have been famous in the history of a nation far older than the French, but which smack of finance rather than of anything else, and altogether Society as I just knew it and as our fathers knew it well, has, apparently, disappeared out of the habits of the Parisian. Of course, there are the clubs. There are very few clubs in Paris, and these are exclusive, but the clubs do not represent Society at all, they merely represent a place where men can gamble with their friends and indulge that peculiar Parisian habit of wearing their hats indoors if they want to. There is no more Society to be seen in the Avenue des Acacias or at the big race meetings nowadays than there is in the baccarat rooms at Enghien, where a Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld thinks it no harm to sit and win louis from a Mlle. Polaire. There are no more Society fêtes in Paris, or there are very few of them. People give dinner parties and dances still, of course, though nowadays dinners are mostly given at restaurants and dances at hotels, but the people who give them and the people who go to them are not the class of people who would have their unquestioned *entrée* into Court circles in London for instance. A few years ago a dressmaker who dared to give a fancy dress ball would have lost all his customers. Now they become his guests.

Photograph] M. PAUL FRANZ [*Gerschel*

The leading French tenor, of Covent Garden and the Paris Opera, as Samson in Saint Saens' opera. He studied singing under M. Delaquerriere, and his fine stage manner and acting are due to the able tuition of Valdejo

Commerce All-Powerful

The twentieth century has done a great deal more to abolish the old French nobility from a social standpoint than the Revolution did. The Count de Dion, for instance, sells motor-cars in Paris nowadays. In the Orleans camp I suppose the most influential person is M. Arthur Meyer. I won't say a word against M. Arthur Meyer, but his best friend will not accuse his name of having figured in the history of France, although his wife was Mlle. Marguerite de Turenne and her grandmother the Duchesse de Fitzjames. These intermarriages possibly account for the death of Paris Society as it used to be, and for the "francs, centimes, and success" society which has taken its place. The race meetings nowadays are for those who come to see Society on the lawn, but Society does not come. Clothes, restaurants, things which money can buy have ousted rank and birth. And that, no doubt, is why the Socialists in France to-day have forgotten that nobility ever existed in more senses than one, and are so very angry with the *bourgeois*. You mark my words! Before we are much older there will be Xenophobia in Paris, and possibly in London, Berlin, and elsewhere, and when it comes the *xenos*, or stranger, who is to be immolated will be the man who wears a collar. *Cave!! Cavete!!*

John N. Raphael

The Bystander IN BERLIN

THE PRICE OF AUTOCRACY

The Trials of a Demi-Autocrat

One of the woes of being half an autocrat is that you are treated as less than half a man. Rude people write things about you, and draw pictures of you. You are held responsible for all you say, and all you didn't say, for bad laws, army duels, assaults by infantry corporals, lumbago, wet weather, bad crops, bad hops, and bad chops. Being half an autocrat, reason your subjects, you would remedy these ills if you were half a man. So you get abused and satirised; *lèse-majesté* laws fail you; and you look enviously across the seas to your first cousin, who not being autocrat is allowed to be man, whom artists only cartoon heroically as Saint George killing a dragon, or—what needs a rarer valour—drinking tea in Wales.

Lèse Majesté

Here in Germany half-autocratic William II. is evilly entreated by penmen and artists. He is written of unkindly, and drawn without dignity, without kingship, without clothes. Happily, William II. has humour and sense. Years ago he ordered that no more *lèse-majesté* prosecutions be made against unfriendly pens and disrespectful pencils. That is real half, real whole Autocracy, the Autocracy of incomparable Frederick II., who spoke the immortal words: "I let my subjects say what they like; and they let me do what I like."

Law and Laxity

The persistence of William II. in retaining his considerable prerogatives is the cause of his sufferings. Obloquy is the price of Autocracy. The fact is William II. interferes everywhere, works everywhere, helps all men, hampers all men; and thereby places himself in a polemical relation to his subjects, which precludes, on their side, silence. And that explains the anomaly that Germans, though they are drilled, whacked, and policed into obedience as no Briton is, say things about their Sovereign which no Briton would think of saying about his. If any man printed about King George the things that are daily printed about Kaiser William, mobs of wrathful citizens would turn his windows into air.

The Kaiser and His Critics

The Berlin Bystander receives books and pamphlets about Germany's Sovereign containing things which would make a British Anarchist compositor faint. To-day he bought a pamphlet called "Der Kaiser und die Frauenfrage," by an emulator of Frau Pankhurst, who says, "Our Sovereign's views are not those of an English gaoler, but rather the views of a mediæval executioner." Another production is a book of open letters by Herr Karl Schneidt, who begins each of a dozen extremely tactless chapters with the words, "Mister Kaiser!" Yet another book is by the distinguished writer, Dr. Heinrich Ilgenstein. It is called "A Mirror of Prussia, and affirms: "If William II. had reigned in the Middle Ages he would have let loose a religious war in his own country . . . he would have ordered Ibsen's writings to be burnt; and made Kalthoff pay for his fidelity at the stake."

DOES THIS PORTEND DIPLOMATIC COMPLICATIONS?

On Saturday, June 29, the American game of baseball was played by students of the Berlin-American colony, and was witnessed by some well-known American Society people, as well as a percentage of Germans. What the latter thought of a game so vigorous as baseball has not yet been divulged. At all events, the helmeted and armoured figure on the right should appeal to the Teutonic sense of the fitness of things

Censored Simplicissimus

That kind of thing is impossible in free England, but it appears daily in unfree Germany, and precisely because Germany is unfree. Rarely the bureaucrats make futile tries to stop it. Long ago they forbade the bookstalls on the Prussian State Railways to sell the unkind Munich journal, *Simplicissimus*. *Simplicissimus* profits, because the sight of the widowed bookstall reminds the traveller that he can buy the paper outside. But that is not done at William II.'s behest. It is done at the behest of far less intelligent bureaucrats. And it is done not so much because *Simplicissimus* rends the Kaiser, but because it derides certain Prussian institutions which to bureaucrats are more sacred still.

A Significant Suggestion

THE PROPOSED MATCH BETWEEN THE BULGARIAN HEIR AND A ROUMANIAN PRINCESS

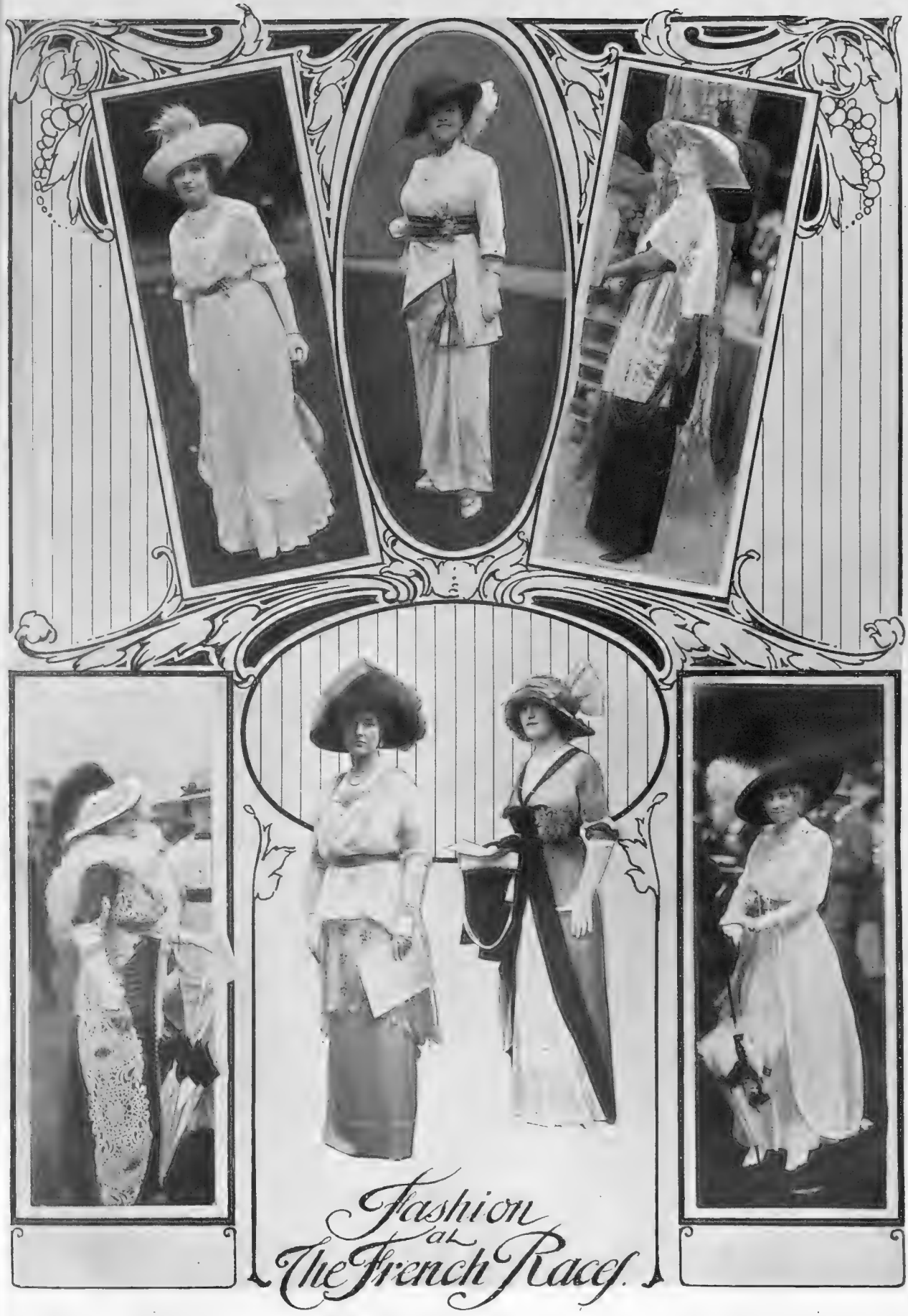
Photograph *Chusseau-Flaviens*

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA —— TO MARRY PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA

Though not yet officially announced, the report of an engagement between Prince Boris, heir to the Bulgarian Tsardom, and Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Roumanian Crown Prince, has caused great interest in Europe. Such a marriage would probably entail a close political alliance between Roumania and Bulgaria, hitherto regarded as opposed to each other in Balkan ambitions

LE TOUT PARIS AT LONGC

At the Grand Prix, last of the Paris season's gaieties, there is invariably discovered to a gaping world the very "last words" in frocks from the great couturiers. Here are some of them, the outstanding lesson to be learnt from which is obviously that the pannier has not "caught on"—reason, because the Parisienne having gone to unending trouble to cultivate slim hips, is indisposed (never mind who says she is so) to hide their present painfully acquired but now satisfactorily youthful line. The draped skirt, however, has apparently come to stay, and here is seen in



Fashion at The French Races.

AMP FOR THE GRAND PRIX

many phases, while that becoming *demi deuil*, which has been the feature of all the very best frocks of the season, is still paramount. An amalgamation of white embroideries—raised white stitching upon tulle, filet lace inserted into white satin—and the much *decolletée* blouse, distinguishes the gowns illustrated, all of which will soon be seen again at the Spa, the château, Trouville, Cabourg, Le Touquet—everywhere where le tout Paris, unwearied of wearing frocks, adjourns for July, August and September

A Desperate Case: By A. K. Macdonald

Proud Mother: "Such enormous sums as we've spent on Clara's voice"
Sympathetic Visitor: "And you can really do nothing for it?"

"The PRICE in FULL"

Edited by
Oakley Williams

Being Passages from a Letter from H.B.M. Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Heiligenstadt, to Lady Louisa Lulworth, South Kensington, London

YOU ask me to give what information I have about the death—though, if I remember rightly, you used a harsher word—of young Franz Falkenstein.

You are quite right in assuming that I knew him well; in fact, you would not be wrong in taking it that I was fond of him.

Now he is dead, and Hermann von Lenau shot him. There is nothing more to be said on that point.

But if I find that I am unable to offer you the sympathy of my indignation in the spirit you think it right to expect, I may be able to put you in possession of some facts that may serve to modify the first—and very natural—severity of your judgment. It is, as are most things in this life, mainly a question of the point of view.

The drama turned, if I may put it so, on the ruling of an unwritten code of honour; the code of a narrow caste spirit if you will, but may I ask you to remember that, since a hundred years or so ago we agreed to abolish the code duello, we are not, perhaps, wholly qualified to sit in judgment on it?

You are right in supposing that there was a woman in it; you are, no doubt, justified in adding that she was no better than she ought to be. But you are entirely wrong in assuming that Young Falkenstein's quarrel with his cousin was "about a woman" in the accepted meaning of the phrase.

I will now give you the facts as impartially as I can. They are mainly derived from what Falkenstein himself told me the night when he was waiting to receive his cousin's challenge.

Very early on Tuesday morning—that is the Tuesday before last—he rode out of the town in mufti. He had a pretty lively evening at the Casino on the previous night, and felt the need of fresh air to cool his head before turning up on parade. About three miles along the high road to Schwartzheim, which had become crowded with market carts, he turned off for a canter up a quiet and secluded valley, not much more than a meadow, that runs up between the hills. He was a little surprised at that hour of the morning to see higher up the meadow the figure of a woman, who, from her dress and carriage, evidently did not belong to the peasant class. As his interest where your sex is concerned was always on the alert, he contrived to overtake her. When she turned round he saw to his astonishment that she was Henriette Schmähling.

The name will probably be unfamiliar to you, though at the time it stood for a great deal that gave cause for scandal in Heiligenstadt. Under her stage name Henriette had appeared about a month ago as a star of the second magnitude at the Residenz Theatre with some success. When her engagement terminated, she took a villa on the outskirts of the town in her own name, and stayed on—for purposes of her own. In a very short time she became notorious.

She was, from what little I saw of her, a rather unaccountable character—otherwise entirely a creature of moods. In most respects her reputation was, I am not concerned to deny it, hardly—but shall we leave it at that?

Franz had met her once or twice on appropriate occasions, and in congenial company, so he could hardly pass her without some show of courtesy. Dressed in a simple cotton frock, and in the clean freshness of the morning, she seemed to him more attractive than she ever had before, though there was nothing of the siren in the manner of her greeting.

But, as I understand it, the more unapproachable the woman appeared—similar phenomena may have come within your own observation—the more desirable she became in the eyes of the man.

Franz was a gentleman to the manner born, but he was at the disadvantage in that he could not forget whom it was he addressed. He, therefore, importuned her to meet him again; and no doubt made his meaning clear. She refused with passionate indignation. She, no doubt, had probably elected to forget what he remembered.

Her refusal only stirred the man's sudden unconscious passion to a blaze. He demanded where he had hitherto begged. I do not feel under any necessity to urge excuses for him. In the end she agreed to dine with him in town that night. Franz believed, and I think he was most likely right, that she only consented because she was frightened and wished to be rid of him at any cost.

"No! Not to-night," he said suddenly.

"Why not?" she asked in idle curiosity.

"I've got an engagement."

"Well, take me too. Unless you are ashamed of me already." She spoke mockingly.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"It isn't that," he answered, without counting his words. "But my uncle's got a full dress show on. I must turn up. Ladies and all the rest of it."

"Then, by God," she blazed in sudden passion, "if I am not good enough for the ladies, their cavaliers are not good enough for me."

"What do you mean?" he asked, taken aback.

"Only this. I swear to you by all I hold sacred, if I do not dine at your uncle's house to-night, you shall never see me again."

"You mean it?" he asked; not that he had any doubt.

"Yes," she answered.

"Right! Then I swear you shall dine there this evening. I will call for you at seven."

With that, he got on his horse and rode back to town, his mind made up.

I happened to meet him that same morning. He was lunching alone at one of the little tables outside the Kurhaus; that is how I came to hear of it. His face, I noticed, was drawn and grey, his mouth firmly set; but his eyes were feverish. I thought at first sight that he was ill. I have now not the least doubt that from the first he realised to the full the unpardonable offence to which he had pledged himself. I ordered a coffee, and took my seat at his table. He fidgetted at first, and seemed inclined to become restive. But I bided my time. I think I have mentioned that I was interested in the lad.

"Are you dining with the old Lenau's to-night?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," I said. "Meet you there?"

"Yes. But it is fair to tell you I am taking Henriette Schmähling."

It is, of course, unlikely that you will appreciate the full significance of this bald announcement. You probably never met the Margrave, for neither he nor the Margravine often come to the capital, and when they do they rarely frequent cosmopolitan society. In them pride of caste is no half-fledged sin. There were Lenaus, you see, at Feste Lenau long before the Hohenzollerns first emerged into history as Burgraves of Nürnberg. In point of birth and quarterings they might give the *pas* to the Guelphs and the Wettins, but not without mental reservations.

And the old Margrave as head of his house held stedfastly by the faith of the clan. Knowing these things, I thought Franz was joking until the sight of his drawn face as he made the announcement told me he was not.

"How are you going to arrange it. I mean without a public scandal?" I asked. "Is it likely she will be received?"

"I sent a note by hand to the old gentleman, asking him as chief to receive a lady who I had just heard was arriving in town that day. I wrote a hurried scrawl, so that the omission of the name would look accidental. I had a note by the bearer to say that the Margrave would be honoured if any lady I introduced—he took it for granted, of course, that it was some connection on my side of the family—would honour him by accepting the Margravine's hospitality. All quite in the rococo style."

"You realise, of course, what you are doing?" I asked unnecessarily.

"Fully," he answered, and clanked out of the restaurant.

The gathering at the old Palais Lenau in the market-place was an annual fixture; and, in the main, a formal dinner-party, to which all the members of the family, one or two of the officers of the Court, and a few of the Corps diplomatique, were bidden, among others that portentous ass, the Duc de Chesny, whom you may remember you met once at ——.

It was the only full-dress entertainment the Margravine gave in the course of the year, and was, therefore, invested with befitting form and ceremony.

We were all assembled in the White Drawing-room, where the Margravine received us, seated, by virtue of her years and infirmities, in her high chair, leaving her white-haired husband to do the honours. I suppose there were not more than twenty or twenty-four guests in all; Count Hermann and his wife (who was born a Wittgenstein zu Rastadt, though that may mean nothing to you unless you are sufficiently interested to look it up in the "Almanach de Gotha"), two or three of the younger sons, all of them in uniform, and with their wives; the Grand Chamberlain and Baroness Halleben; and, as I have said, one or two of us of the diplomatic set. What I want to convey to you is that this was not a family dinner-party in our sense of the word, but the annual ceremonial gathering of the Lenau family in honour of the head of the house.

The Margrave was apologising to us for the delay in serving dinner, because they were awaiting the arrival of his nephew and a lady to whom he had been good enough to offer his escort, when the double doors at the end of the room were thrown open and Count Falkenstein "and lady" were announced.

In the doorway, in the great glare of the big chandelier, stood Franz in full uniform with Henriette Schmähling on his arm—inevitably the cynosure of all eyes.

I am free to admit that she carried herself very well and with spirit. She was handsomely gowned, but in no way overdressed, and looked superb. The suspense of the moment had brought a faint flush to her cheeks which might have well passed for modesty. But there was not, of course, a man in the room, except the Margrave, and perhaps one or two others, who did not know.

The old gentleman went forward eagerly to receive his guests. I saw Count Hermann step forward, flushed to the forehead, and, his hand on his father's arm, whisper something in his ear. He stopped, and for a moment hesitated. One was uncomfortably aware of a momentary hitch somewhere, and one or two of the ladies were beginning to exchange glances. Then he went forward at once and ceremoniously raised his guest's gloved hand to his lips, before he presented her by name to the Margravine.

The old lady's manner was particularly gracious in her anxiety to set a stranger at her ease. I don't know, of course, the particular lie they may have told her afterwards, but I am convinced that the Margravine does not even now suspect anything was amiss. So far as the others were concerned, Countess Hermann took command of the situation from the first. She is a particularly charming woman and has travelled. She greeted Henriette Schmähling as an old acquaintance with whom she had many friends in common. After that it was, of course, no good to raise questions by eyebrow signals.

During the whole scene I never once saw the old gentleman so much as look at Franz, though his eyes occasionally sought out one or other of his sons.

A Dream of Fair Women

Our picture shows the Comtesse Aynard de Chabrillan and some of her guests at an "Arabian Night's Ball" given by the Comtesse in Paris a short time ago. The ladies all belong to the most fashionable Parisian society. So we presume does the solitary gentleman. But having no clue as to his identity, we are unable to congratulate him on his good fortune. We are, however, none the less impressed with it

Dinner was immediately announced, and a good many of us breathed more freely. Whatever the sequel might be it could well afford to wait.

It was then that de Chesny—I forget whether I mentioned before that he is an aggressively pompous ass—seized the opportunity to distinguish himself after his kind. Dinner was served at a single round table. As the seats happened to be allotted, he had Henriette Schmähling on his left and Countess Hermann on his right. Franz in turn was on Henriette Schmähling's left. In taking his seat de Chesny ostentatiously drew his chair as far to the right as it would go. The gap left in the circle was too conspicuous not to be intentional, and not to challenge remarks.

At the other side of the table the white-haired Margrave left his seat beside his wife.

"I am afraid your Excellency has a most uncomfortable seat. That wretched leg of the table. I know it. Most careless of them. Oblige me by changing places with me."

He came round the room while the other was mumbling.

"No, my dear Sir, I must insist on changing places with you."

There was a note in his voice that put an end to discussion, and the leg of the table occasioned no further inconvenience.

The dinner went off very well. Conversation at our end of the table was general, and Henriette acquitted herself excellently. As I have said, she was a woman with brains and of some education, and if ever she came to difficult waters Countess Hermann was always ready with a lifebuoy. Her host, possibly because Franz seemed rather silent and abstracted, was at pains to include her in the conversation, and, toasting her formally, seemed only intent to show the pleasure her society afforded him. Perhaps the deferential manner in which all the men addressed her, and the sense of having successfully mystified her own sex, supported her. By the time dinner was over I felt convinced that she was enjoying her triumph, for she looked radiant and untroubled.

According to a Continental custom, the ladies and the men left the dining room, as they had entered it, in formal procession. Tea was served in the drawing-room, and there was a little music. The Margravine again singled out Henriette Schmähling as the only stranger present for marked attention, and made her take a seat beside her chair, until, when bowing to each of her guests the great old lady left the room on her husband's arm, the party broke up.

The Margrave himself escorted Henriette Schmähling down the grand staircase, and handed her into her carriage. He charged Count Hermann and another of his sons with the duty of seeing an honoured guest to her lodgings.

Not one of the men exchanged a word with Franz, and we left the house together.

"What on earth made you do it?" I asked, as we walked down the Wilhelmstrasse.

He took off his helmet, as if he found the cool night air refreshing.

"I can't tell you," he answered listlessly. "Something she said to me that stung me, perhaps. Or, perhaps a sudden spirit of revolt against this whole infernal caste system. I don't know."

"In any case it was unpardonable folly."

"I know," he answered, "and I am prepared to pay the price in full."

It was then I learnt most of the details I have given you above. In spite of some tittle-tattle they never leaked out, for there was never any public scandal.

. . . . . .

On the following morning the old Margrave did himself the honour of sending his seconds to the ineffable de Chesny, and then of pinking him through the forearm in the most workmanlike fashion, because the ass had thought it necessary to show marked discourtesy towards a lady who had condescended to accept his wife's hospitality.

On the same day the propriety of leaving the capital at once was by some means conveyed to Henriette Schmähling. It was quite natural, since she was only travelling through, and in this country the police have means. . . .

Two days later Hermann von Lenau shot down his cousin Franz von Falkenstein at the first exchange of shots in a duel at ten paces, because that he had knowingly and designedly introduced a woman of notorious character into the society of a brother officer's mother and sisters. Neither had any voice in the terms of their meeting. They were fixed by the regimental Court of Honour, and approved by, let us say, the proper quarter. . . .

These are what I believe to be the facts connected with Franz von Falkenstein's death. They may serve to make you understand why I do not feel called upon to sit in judgment, either on the man who paid the price, or on the code that exacted it.

OAKLEY WILLIAMS

"They are beautiful, Frank, but remember to-morrow is quarter-day"
"I know it; but one doesn't get a chance like that twice in a lifetime, while we're always having quarter-day"

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY

THE CONNOISSEUR DRINKS "Black & White" SCOTCH WHISKY

The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

No. 5

Royal Tunbridge Wells

By Leonard Willoughby

RECENT ATHLETIC SPORTS ON THE NEVILL GROUND
Of King Charles' School, where forty-four events were got off in two-and-a-quarter hours

I KNOW of no town which lies in the midst of more beautiful surroundings or one better favoured for indulging in sports and pastimes than Tunbridge Wells. It would be impossible to find two cricket grounds in any place which are as attractive as the Nevill and Linden Park Grounds. The Lindon Park Ground, on Mount Ephraim, once the old county ground, is part of the common, the last county match played there being in 1884. The ground was given up for county matches

THE LINDEN PARK CRICKET TEAM ON THE MOUNT EPHRAIM GROUND
Once the county ground, but discarded for county matches in 1884, owing to the sandy nature of the soil. The captain, Mr. W. H. Churchill (fifth from left), is a fine bat, and has made several centuries this season

owing to the sandy nature of the soil. Cricket is represented in Tunbridge Wells by the Blue Mantles, a well-known strong club; the Linden Park, also a strong team; the Tunbridge Wells Club, and several junior clubs. The two golf clubs, just beyond Mount Ephraim, the Spa (nine holes) and the Culverden (eighteen holes), are both beautifully laid out courses. The latter club was extended from nine to eighteen holes about four years ago, when the fresh course was opened by a match between Taylor and John Rowe. The clubhouse is 450ft. above the sea level, and the views from it are magnificent. The course is hilly, the bunkers both natural and artificial, the former consisting of hedges and banks, the artificial having sand and hummocks. The course is difficult, and the bogey 71, which takes some doing. There are some 220 members, the President being Sir David Salomons, the Captain Mr. F. A. Spencer, and Hon. Secretary Mr. J. F. Dixon. Football is much to the front, the two leading Clubs being the Rangers and Town. The Rangers compete in the South-Eastern League, and were also the first to bring the Kent Senior Cup to Tunbridge Wells, and also the Chatham Charity Cup in five seasons out of six. The Town Club, of which Mr. D. Elliott Alves is the President, has a strong team, which is competing in the Kent County Cup Competitions; also the English and Amateur Cups. The Captain is Mr. H. Churchill, the old Ilford skipper and amateur International.

Photograph] TUNBRIDGE WEEK ON THE NEVILL GROUND [*Lankaster*

An important social function of the year now in progress. This week the grounds will present to the spectator a pleasing scene of animation. The decorated private tents, the hundreds of fair ladies and well-known men, the cricket, the music, and, above all, the wonderful setting of natural scenery, is a sight scarcely to be equalled

Sports that are Popular in Tunbridge Wells

LAWN TENNIS ON THE NEVILL GROUND

This game finds many followers in Tunbridge Wells and district. The Nevill ground has ten excellent courts and a pavilion. The Open Tournament is from July 29 to August 3. The referee and handicapper is Mr. F. R. Burrow. Four challenge cups and prizes from one to five guineas are played for, and the tournament is extremely well-managed

A CLOSE FINISH ON THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN

The Captain, Hon. Treasurer, and Hon. Sec., and some members of Culverden Golf Club watching the finish of a match between Mr. Robinson and Guard, the professional. The course is hilly, with bunkers both natural and artificial. The views from here are beautiful, especially the one towards the house of the President of the club, Sir David Salomons, Bart.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE GROVE HILL BOWLING CLUB

Two members of this club, Mr. H. Work and Mr. H. Gilliam, are Internationals. The bowling green is laid with Cumberland turf, and is one of the most charming grounds in the Kingdom. Mr. Gilliam, Hon. Sec., is on the extreme left

Photograph *Skinner*

MEMBERS OF THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS ANGLING SOCIETY

Angling is popular with many residents. The town has formed a Society of 120 members who fish in both public and Societies' water

By Field, Stream, and Covert (at Tunbridge Wells)

THE ERIDGE HOUNDS

Which hunt in the neighbourhood, a somewhat enclosed country. Reading from left to right: Lady Henry Nevill, the Marquis of Abergavenny, Lord Henry Nevill (Master) and Lord Hastings

Swimming takes place in the outdoor bath at the Grosvenor recreation bath, which was once the reservoir. It is 88yds. long by 40yds. wide, and is 8ft. deep to 3ft. Cross-country running, represented by the Tunbridge Wells Harriers, a club formed three years ago in order to revive this sport, has become

PHEASANT SHOOTING IN "BOHEMIA"

Reading from left to right: the Rev. R. Walker (Rector of Frant), Mr. Cripps (Town Clerk), Earl of Cottenham, Lt.-Col. Gentle (Chief Constable of Brighton), and Major Spens, well-known cricketer and excellent shot

Photograph *Doyle Rowe*

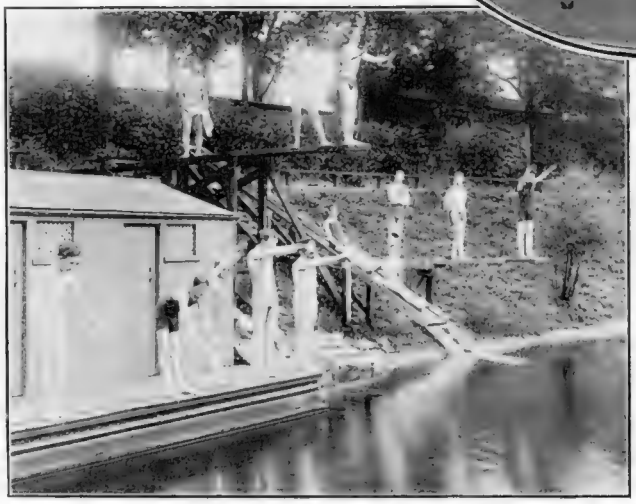
THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS FOOTBALL CLUB

(Of which Mr. D. Elliott Alves is President) plays a strong team, which is competing in the Kent County Cup Competition; also the English and Amateur Cups. The principal matches, however, are those in connection with the Isthmian League, into which the Club was admitted last season

CROQUET

On the Nevill Ground, which possesses four good courts, three adjoining the lawn tennis courts

very popular. Mr. F. W. Elers is President, a well-known figure and athlete of his day, and, in fact, is the father of Tunbridge Wells sport. Bowls is rapidly becoming one of the chief pastimes of Tunbridge Wells. The three principal clubs are the Grove, the Tunbridge Wells, and the Grosvenor. Two of the members of the Grove are Internationals, Mr. H. Work and Mr. H. Gilliam. Angling is popular, and there is a society of 120 members, who fish in both public and societies' waters. Lawn tennis and croquet are a good deal played on the lawn portion of the Nevill Ground, and the Courts are excellent, and, of course, in delightful surroundings. Hunting is handy for Tunbridge Wells people, as the Marquis of Abergavenny's Hounds at Eridge, of which Lord Henry Nevill is Master, hunt twice a week in the neighbourhood. It is a somewhat woodland country, with plenty of foxes, and after these Lord Henry shows capital sport with his fine pack. Tunbridge Wells has, therefore, many charms to recommend it, and the service to and from it by the S.E. and C. Ry. is excellent. My train took me there comfortably within the hour.



SWIMMING IN THE OPEN AIR

In the Grosvenor Recreation Grounds. This magnificent bath was once the town reservoir, and is now under the Corporation

Next Week's Article will deal with

BUXTON

"As Health is such a blessing, and the very source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the region where it grows, the springs that feed it, the customs and methods by which it is best cultivated and preserved."—SIR W. TEMPLE

WHAT IS HEALTH?

"**HEALTH** is that which makes your meat and drink both savoury and pleasant. **HEALTH** is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; that revives your strength with the rising sun and makes you cheerful at the light of another day. **HEALTH** is that which fills up the hollow and uneven parts of your body, making it plump and comely; 'tis that which dresseth you in nature's richest attire and adorns your face with her choicest colours. **HEALTH** is that which makes fertile and increaseth the natural endowments of your mind and preserves them long from decay; makes your wit acute and your memory retentive. **HEALTH** is that which supports the fertility of a corruptible body and preserves the verdure, vigour and beauty of youth and 'tis that which makes the soul take delight in her mansion enchanting herself at the casements of your eyes."—MAYNWARINGE 1683.

"Nor Love thy Life nor Hate, but what thou livest live well."—MILTON.

JULY.

"'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of Retreat to peep at such a world."
—COWPER, "Country Life."

INTERNAL as well as External Cleanliness.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs or microbes which infest the bowel and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains. The dual problem, therefore, of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted or prevented—or, in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."—*Extract from "Diet and the Maximum Duration of Life."*

"Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque, that he may not allow the waves to work their will."—GOETHE.

The human body has unfortunately a power of auto-intoxication, *i.e.*, of poisoning itself unless certain deleterious products are quickly removed from the alimentary system. There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable remedy which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality than

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Where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a Serious Illness. Its effect upon any Disordered, Sleepless, or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

The "Daily Mail" Golf Competition

APPARENTLY the *Daily Mail* has tired of teaching us what to eat in the way of bread, how to grow sweet peas, or how to smash the Insurance Act. It has sought fresh worlds to conquer, and in an unhappy hour has turned its eye on golf. What golf has done to deserve this attention I know not. Whoever the person may be who has advised the editor or proprietor in devising this fantastic competition, he is evidently either ignorant or is wilfully sinning against such knowledge as he has. The scheme has already gone through three transformations, so that it is evident that even the *æs triplex* of Carmelite House has been pierced by the storm which has raged around it. On its first appearance the first prize was to be a motor-car with all accessories, to the value of £600. A few days later the editor announced that as he had been informed that several of the likely competitors were already in possession of motor-cars (this was a sublimely sweet touch) an alternative prize in the shape of a freehold cottage or house to the same value might be taken as the first prize.

Still uneasy, the paper a little later announced that as it had been pointed out that these prizes might be regarded as an infraction of the strict law of amateurism, a further change had been made. At the time of writing, therefore, the first prize is a challenge cup value £500, the winner to receive a replica, value £50; the second, a silver challenge cup, worth £75, with a replica value £25; while each competitor qualifying for the final stage, to the number of sixty-four, will receive a gold medal. Most of my readers are doubtless acquainted with the details of this preposterous competition, which, under the pretence (save the mark) of discovering hidden talent in the golfing world, is making the *Daily Mail* the reverse of popular among decent golfers. It had already given deep offence at Westward Ho! by its poster respecting Mr. Abe Mitchell. It only required this scheme, which was launched on the day following the final of the Amateur Championship, to fill the cup to the brim.

The qualifying rounds are to be played under the queer code of bogey rules sanctioned by the Rules of Golf Committee for the use of the Midland Association, a code not recognised by the vast majority of clubs. Players are to be divided into two classes, those with handicaps of six or under and those with handicaps above six. Any amateur may play as many rounds as he likes on any course during the week July 6—13, so that possibly some misguided players may, at this moment, be toiling round some obscure and easy course in the hope of sending in a card recording a thumping defeat of bogey and ensuring a gold medal for the sender. But I have no patience to detail this scheme at further length. Who in heaven's name told the editor that there is such a thing as hidden talent among golfers? He ought to be trotted out so that, like Lamb's tax-collector, he might have his bumps examined. There is, of course, no such thing as hidden talent. Nearly every golfer belongs to some club whose committee knows his form to a nicety. Any new member soon has opportunity of showing his prowess in club competitions. The pretence is too thin to deceive the simplest mind. I only wish that the Royal and Ancient Club or the delegates of the Amateur Championship would denounce this scheme, and warn any intending competitor that entry for it would bar him from entry into the Amateur Championship. Perhaps this is hardly necessary in their view, for doubtless they think that no player of any standing will sink so low as to lend himself to this blatant advertisement.

ERNEST LEHMANN

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FIVES AT ETON

We reproduce above a photograph which should prove of great interest to fives players. The game was originally played on the chapel steps at Eton, and the present-day fives courts are modelled on these steps and their adjoining buttresses and walls. The game in progress in the original court, as shown in our picture, was played specially for the benefit of the photographer

THE LAKES OF ENGLAND

This wonderful and charming Holiday District has to be seen to be appreciated, and the splendid free Illustrated Booklet, entitled, "**THE ENGLISH LAKES,**" which can be obtained free on application at any L. and N.W. Station or Town Office, will not fail to convince you of its desirability as A HOLIDAY GROUND. A copy of the Guide will be sent by post on receipt of postage (2d.) by Mr. H. M. Stones (Dept. U), L. and N.W. Railway, Lancaster, or the Enquiry Office (Dept. U), Euston Station, London, N.W.

ADOPT NATURE'S METHOD

Scientists declare our health depends upon adequate provision of Spermin in the human organism. If Nature fails to supply sufficient of this **important vitaliser,** or its store is depleted by any other means, a condition of disease or illness is manifested. The absence of this constituent from the system, termed by eminent authorities the "Essence of Life," is demonstrated by **lack of energy and vigour,** weakened recuperative powers in old age, and susceptibility to illness.

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3. **THE DISEASES OF THE BLOOD** (Anæmia, Irregularities, Blood-Poisoning, Influenza, various Febrile conditions).
4. **THE DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS** (Bronchial, Pneumonial, Asthmatic, and Tubercular Diseases).
5. **GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, TYPHOID FEVER,** and Infectious Diseases in general.

It will also be found that in **OLD AGE, EXHAUSTION,** and **OVERWORK, POEHL'S SPERMIN ESSENCE** is without equal for bringing back to the sufferer that condition of good health which ensures enjoyment of life.

Full details will be found in the very interesting book, which will be sent free to all writing for same.

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Of all Chemists, 8/6 per bottle.
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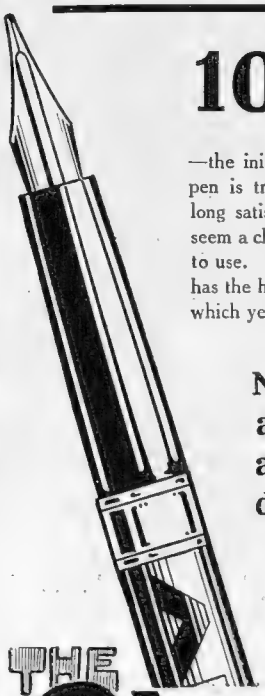

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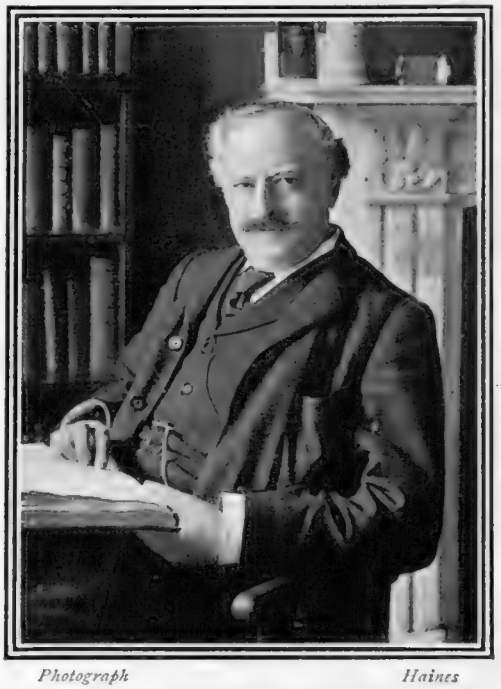
The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

"The Emporium"

Mr. Alec Holmes adds his name to the long list of novelists with a cheerful story about quaint people, called *The Emporium* (George Allen: 6*s*.). Although it is apt occasionally to irritate you on account of unnecessary and not very witty digressions as well as a rather stagey and conventional coincidence, the book has an air of its own. The story centres about a shop, or, I should say, in deference to its originator, an emporium, where you can buy antiques at large prices or have tea served to you by young ladies. It is started by Mr. Philip Du Cane, a well-born young gentleman who is anxious to secure a rather larger income than is his. A certain young lady of fortune is the reason. Mr. Du Cane's two assistants, Judith Ogilvy and Stephen—I forget his other name—persist in holding a little drama of their own, and some of his friends follow suit. Sir Guy and Lady Everett and the adorable duchess and a bird-fancier and one or two other people mix themselves up in a tangle which ends rather tragically for nearly everyone but Mr. Du Cane himself, who in the end wins the young lady of fortune and writes a book about her. Lady Everett is a good example of the fashionable butterfly, and Stephen is a good example of the unfashionable sheep. Mr. Holmes writes easily, and can sketch femininity, but I could wish that he had restricted himself to comedy, as is to be expected from an author who begins his book in a more or less Lockian spirit. However, the story is unusual, fresh, and interesting, and far ahead of the usual production, and for these reasons I recommend it, and wish the author success.



Photograph *Haines*

THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE QUILL

Sir E. T. Cook, in honour of whose knighthood a banquet is shortly to be given by London journalists. He has edited, in the Liberal interests, the "Pall Mall Gazette," the "Daily News," the "Westminster Gazette," and was until recently leader-writer of the "Daily Chronicle." As everybody else has pointed out, he is also an authority on Ruskin

Americans in Paris

The best part of Mr. Joseph Conway's book, *Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris* (The Bodley Head: 12*s*. 6*d*. net), is Mrs. John Lane's introduction. To Americans, says that gay writer, Paris is a joy, London only a duty. One can well understand, particularly after reading Mr. Conway's book, how it came about that at the time of the French Revolution the American stayed on in Paris when other foreigners thought fit to retire. The ties between the two countries were close. Mr. Conway starts off with Benjamin Franklin who, in France, did rather more than erect the first lightning-conductor. At Auteuil he seems to have enjoyed himself, and there is a delightful illustration of his paying court to the Duc D'Orleans minus the wig that was still so necessary to polite society. Other Americans, hardly less distinguished, followed him, Jefferson, Monroe, of the Doctrine, Tom Paine, Paul Jones, that estimable sailor whose remains now rest in his own country, Longfellow, Morse, of the telegraph, and, of course, the astonishing Whistler, without whom no modern book would be complete. In a series of entertaining vignettes Mr. Conway manages to convey a good deal of cheerful information, and as is to be expected from a book emanating from the Bodley Head, it is splendidly illustrated.

Florentine Society

Under the somewhat cryptic title of *Yesterday* (Greening: 6*s*.) Anna Costantini tells of the unfortunate position in which Lisa, an American girl married to a Florentine nobleman, finds herself. Life in the Italian city is not precisely what she had expected, nor is her husband so attentive as he had been on the honeymoon. There are eternal intrigues in his set, in one of which de' Pepi, her husband, becomes involved. He, it appears, is fascinated by a certain contessa with an abominable husband. Things progress as they should not to such an extent that the abominable husband and de' Pepi fight a duel. Lisa believes that her husband is no longer faithful—she has every reason to do so—and returns to her parents; but her friends in Italy are working on her behalf, and De' Pepi, while recovering, sees the errors of his ways. The novel is an interesting domestic drama quietly and effectively told.

SUMMER BOOKS

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By CLIFFORD BAX.

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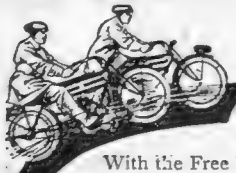

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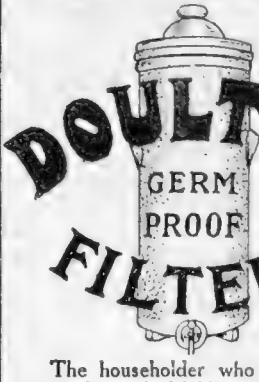

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SKEGNESS PIER

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Photographs *Photochrom Co.*

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

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LAWN TENNIS

A Pleasant Surprise

A. W. Gore's victory in the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon has made us all feel very glad and just a little bit foolish. We hoped that, for the sake of English tennis, he or Dixon, or Barrett, or Gordon Lowe would "get there," but the general opinion was that, of the four, he was the least likely to do it. And yet the draw gave him a tolerably free passage, bar accidents, to the semi-final, where he would be likely either to meet Gordon Lowe or Beamish, the former for choice. As it happened, it was Beamish, and this helped him, for Beamish, though capable of beating Lowe, was less capable of beating Gore than Lowe himself. In other words, Lowe is one of the few men who are able to play Gore at his own game, whereas Beamish is not, and accordingly Beamish failed where the man whom he had beaten (Lowe) might have succeeded. Then came the final. Here again Gore had "something to play with." He had beaten Gobert before, at Wimbledon last year, and also in the London *v.* Paris match early in the spring of the present year, and might quite conceivably do it again. He did it.

Something to go on With

The history of the match has already been repeated so often that I need not recount it. Having gone triumphantly through the hardest half of the draw, Gobert might reasonably have been expected to face Gore with some confidence—despite the memory of two previous defeats. But it was not to be. In the place of Gobert the confident we saw, at first, Gobert the diffident, and finally Gobert the victim of abject and inexplicable despair. To this extent, but to this extent only, Gore was lucky. But his luck alone would not have carried him through if it had not been backed by something better. Of his courage I say nothing, because that is unquestioned, but I am bound to emphasise his consistency. He never plays badly for long—at any rate, in Singles. He struck one or two bad patches in the course of his progress to the final, but they never lasted long enough to matter, and in the final he played really well. In ascribing Gobert's collapse to the uncertainty of the Gallic temperament, let us not forget that, in the language of commerce, he was "up against an extremely tough proposition." At the moment of writing the Challenge Match, in which Gore meets Wilding, is still to come, but, whatever the result of it may be, Gore has done enough in winning the All-Comers' Singles and the King's Cup for poor old England to go on with. The Ladies' Championship was practically a foregone conclusion for Mrs. Larcombe, after she had once got the better of Mrs. Hannam, but Mrs. Sterry fought a losing fight against her in the final most pluckily. By the way, Mrs. Sterry last won the Championship in 1908, and not, as a typographical error made me say last week, in 1910. She has been champion five times altogether. Mrs. Larcombe, on the other hand, has never won the Championship before.

ROWING

Henley

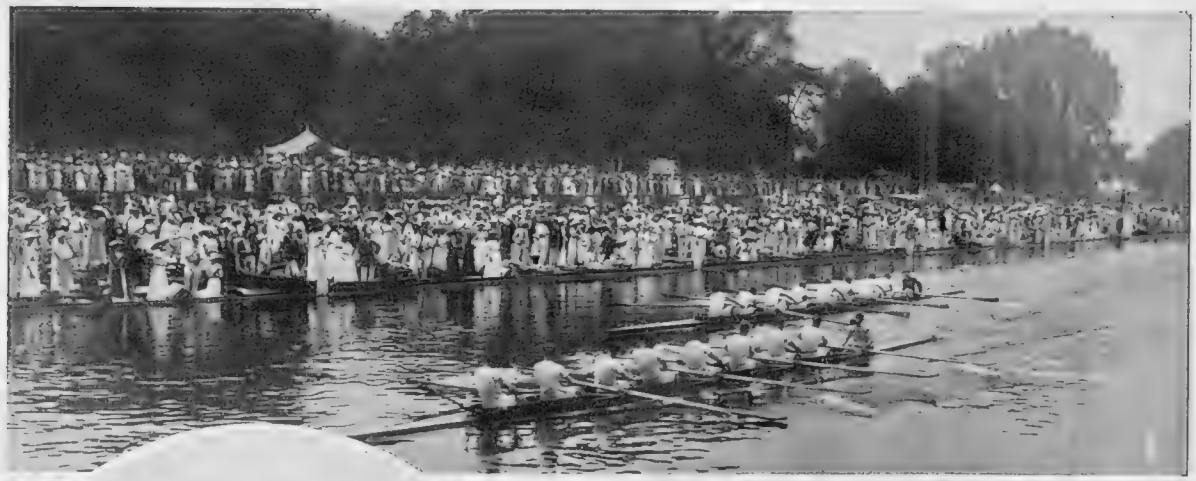
The outstanding feature of Henley—apart, of course, from the presence of the King and Queen and the record attendance occasioned thereby—was the defeat of Leander by Sydney in the Grand. If the principal trophy of amateur rowing is to go out of England at all we naturally prefer it to go to one of our colonies, but the nuisance of this particular business is that the Sydney men row somewhat in the Belgian fashion, so that their win will inevitably revive the tiresome "style" controversy of which we have already had enough. Yet they won not because their style is superior to ours, but because they are a fine, strong body of men, and row most phenomenally well together, whereas the Leander eight had not been practising long enough to weld themselves together into a real crew. The material was there, but the finished article could not be turned out in time. I hear that the eight will be slightly rearranged for the Olympic Regatta, and perhaps when that event comes off the Englishmen may manage to avenge their defeat.

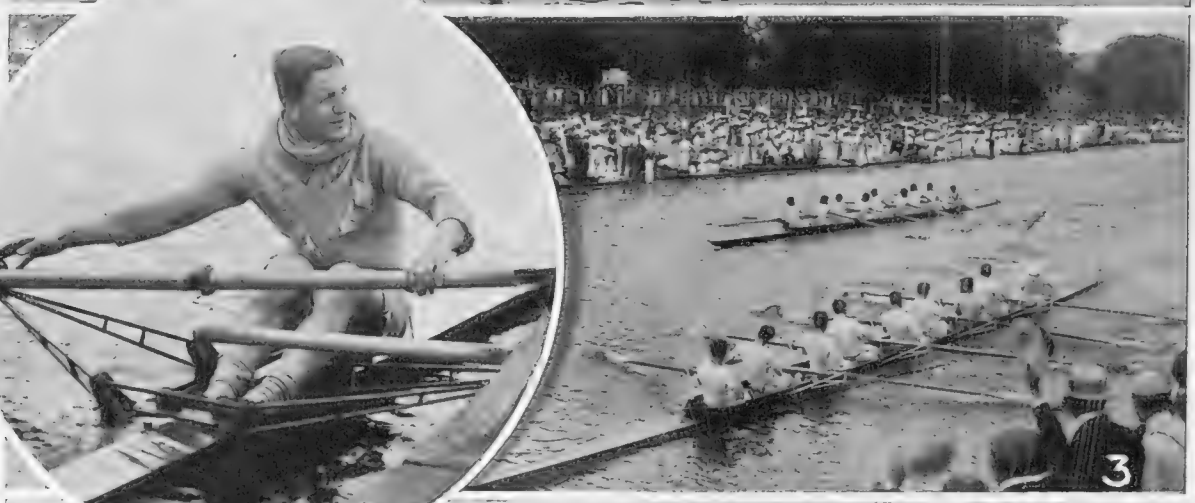
The Slump in British Olympic Stock

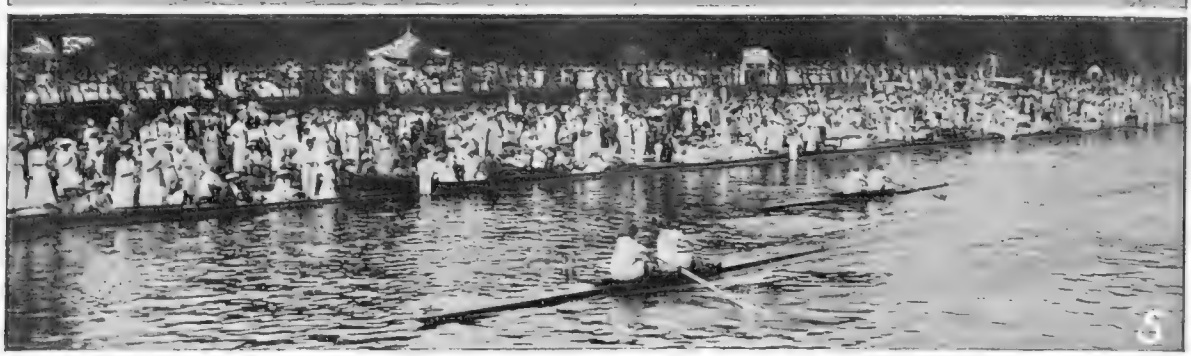
It was rather curious, by the way, that all the British Olympic choices should "go down" at one stage or another in the racing—Leander and New College in the Grand, Thames in the Stewards', and McCulloch and Kinnear in the Diamonds. New College were "all out" to win the Grand, and consequently their four had very little practice together. Their victory affords another proof of the wonderful value of R. C. Bourne as a stroke. In their race with Thames they were at one time more than a length to the bad, but Bourne then got to work in that determined way of his. Five hundred yards from home the Oxford men had caught their rivals, and eventually they won quite easily in a time which was within 9secs. of Magdalen's 1908 record. Another fine time was that of Eton in the Ladies' Plate. The 7min. 4sec. which they took in beating Jesus, Cambridge, after a grand race, was only 8secs. outside the record set up by last year's crew. This victory, which was not altogether expected, was very popular, and much the same may be said of the Frenchmen's win in the Thames Cup. On the previous day their rivals, the speedy St. John's (Oxford) eight had very nearly beaten the Thames Cup record, and it must have been quite a shock to them to find that they were being distinctly "held" over the first mile of the course. From this distance onwards they could never raise a spurt, and the Frenchmen won easily and finished so fresh, that after stopping to cheer their opponents and to enable their coxswain to kiss his hands to the assembled multitudes, they rowed straight back to their boathouse. It seems tolerably clear that they were underrated.

The Climax at Henley

FOUR FINALS AND A WINNER







Photographs *Sport and General*

(1) The Sydney (N.S.W.) eight beating Leander in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup by a length
(2) E. W. Powell, winner of the Diamonds; he is an old Cambridge Blue
(3) The final of the Ladies' Plate in which the Eton Eight beat Jesus (Cambridge). The time, 7 minutes 4 seconds, was only 8 seconds outside the record set up by last year's crew
(4) The New College (Oxford) four, winning the Stewards' Cup from the more fancied Thames four
(5) Bruce Logan and C. G. Rought (Thames R.C.), winners of the Silver Goblets

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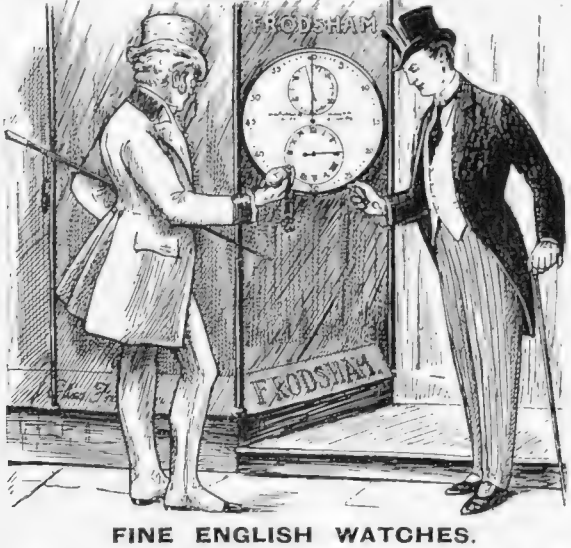

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Taking Stock of Stockholm: II

THE automatic restaurants in Stockholm are one of the marvels of that interesting city. You put a ten-öre bit in a hole in a glass case; a portion of the glass case falls away, and out pops, clean and sweet, a ham, sardine, or egg sandwich. You may choose which by turning a handle. The variety of edibles extracted for the same price is too big to set out here. You may go to another button, put in another ten-öre bit, and get a glass of beautiful Pilsener or a cup of delicious coffee. Something of the same kind may exist in other capitals, but I'm sure there is no apparatus for quick-lunching in New York which offers so rich a meal at so cheap a price.

A Stockholm night in June only lasts a couple of hours. You may sup in broad daylight after the theatre. The capital, with its glittering waters, its steep cliffs, and its midsummer beauty, rests amid this chiaroscuro of night like a jewel whose myriad facets gleam with ever-changing colours. Recent visitors to the Olympic Games were in luck; their advent synchronised with the "white nights" of Sweden, whose period is from the beginning of June to the first few days in July. Further north, of course (thirty-two hours by rail from Stockholm), there is no night at all. The sun flames in the heavens for one unbroken day, lasting from June 5 to July 12.

A bit taken from the skerry-filled seas of Scotland; a corner of the Neapolitan shore; some of the Hierean islands; a few granite hills from the Urals; a section or two from the pinewoods of Canada, and one or two attractive features of Paris—such, according to Max Nordau, constitute the ingredients of Stockholm, and I agree that the picture is not overdrawn. Fast steamers connect up its islets as motor-trams join Hampstead to Hampton Court. Business men come to town on steamer-sloops; working men and their wives go to the parks in boats; every office girl knows the steamer routes and fares. I moved about these Baltic islands in early May. The trees were then only breaking into bloom, but the undress rehearsal gave one a shrewd idea of what was to be expected in verdant June.

The King's Palace, a fine building, is centrally situated on an island between Lake Mälar and the Baltic. But neither King Gustav nor his family are insular. His Majesty plays lawn tennis with his subjects, the Crown Prince walks down the main thoroughfares unaccompanied. Perhaps the democratic tendencies of the Royal family are deprecated in some quarters. If the monarch is so near the people the throne is apt to lose its glamour, and the question of its costly maintenance becomes the subject for keen debate.

WINNERS OF THE SAGAMORE CUP, INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, 1912

Messrs. Schweppes, Ltd., the well-known mineral water firm, won the Sagamore Cup, presented by Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, for the best pair-horse trade turn-out, with the pair shown above. Messrs. Schweppes won the Champion Cup in the same class at Olympia in 1908.

RACING: The Week's Meetings. BY CARBINE

The King's Week at Newmarket

Excepting for the first day, which was unpleasantly moist, the meeting behind the famous Ditch at Newmarket last week was one of the most enjoyable I can remember on the July course. The weather was bright and cool for the most part, and the racing really interesting all through. The King was present on the four days, and obviously enjoyed the leisure and comfort and absence of formality which the gathering affords. What is more, His Majesty had the satisfaction of winning a couple of good races during the week, and the hearty plaudits of the small but enthusiastic crowd cannot but have sounded musically in the Royal ears.

Photograph *Sport and General*

HIS MAJESTY'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD COLT DORANDO

Whose success in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap was perhaps the most popular event of the First July Meeting at Newmarket

The Eclipse Stakes

The best traditions of the great race at Sandown Park will be maintained by the meeting of Stedfast, Tagalie, and Prince Palatine. I fancy the last-named least of the three, but I am rather divided between the other two. I think the distance of the Eclipse Stakes will exactly suit Tagalie, and I shall not be surprised to see her beat the two brilliant four-year-olds. I shall have the opportunity next week of making a final selection for the big race.

Some Selections

Meanwhile, there is plenty of interesting sport during the present week. At the Bibury Club Meeting I regard **Fomelhault** as a good thing for the Bibury Cup on Wednesday, and I don't think you will be far wrong to back **Trieste** if he runs for the Champagne Stakes on the following day. The Great Central Handicap at Haydock Park on Friday may be won by **Jordon.** There promises to be a charming meeting at Lingfield Park at the end of the week, where the Lingfield Park Stakes on Friday may be won by **Cuthbert.** On the second day I expect to see **Bonnie Bird** win the Great Foal Plate; while **Mustapha** should take the Blackwell Plate.

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Then the delicious contents will come creaming up the neck of the bottle, and a moment later the golden drink will be bubbling in the glasses.

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"C & C"
(Cantrell & Cochrane's)
Ginger Ale

Notice how the tiny bubbles leap up into the air and burst, giving off the true fragrance of ginger. Mark, as you taste it, the brisk, exhilarating tingle. But mind the waiter pulls the right cork, and insist on the C. & C. label.

Order in a dozen from your grocer, wine merchant, or stores, but be sure its "C & C."

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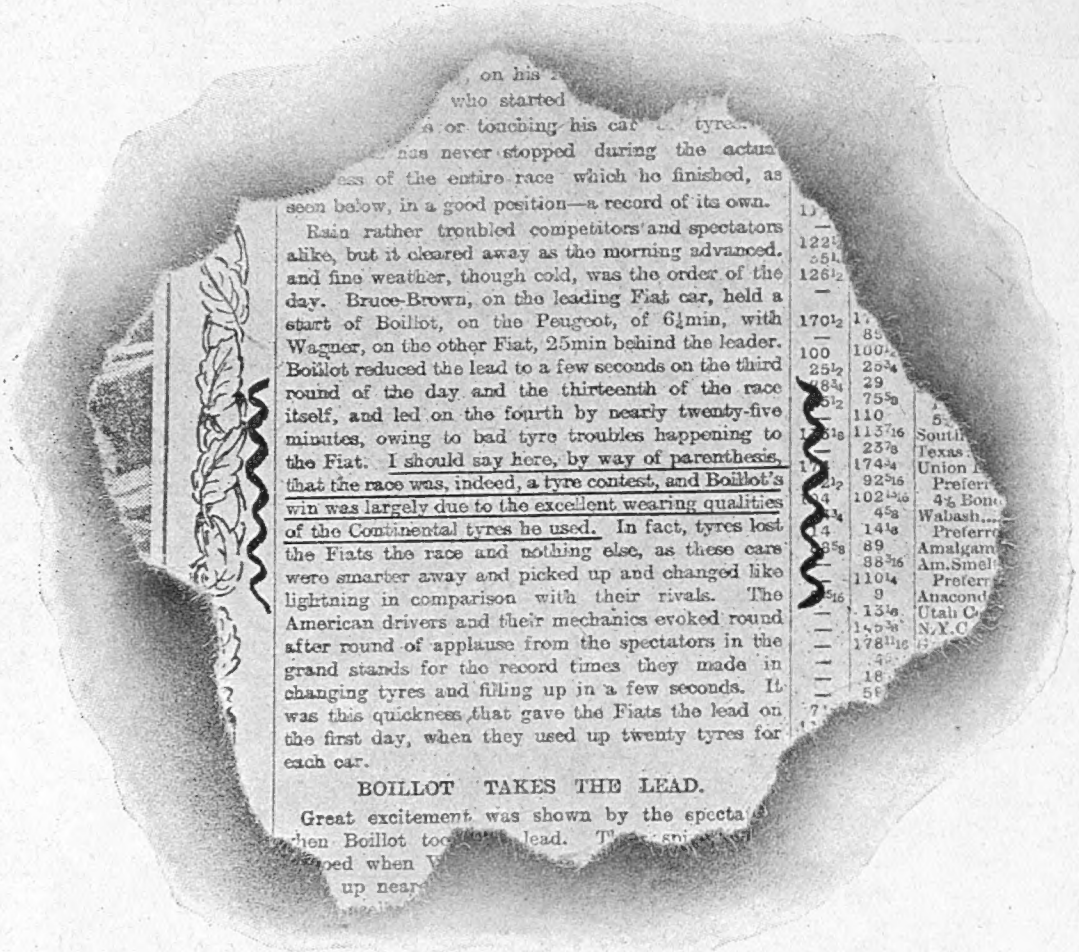
The GRAND PRIX de l'A. C. F.

1912.

"A Test of Tyres."



, on his
who started
or touching his car tyres
has never stopped during the actua
ess of the entire race which he finished, as
seen below, in a good position—a record of its own.

Rain rather troubled competitors and spectators alike, but it cleared away as the morning advanced, and fine weather, though cold, was the order of the day. Bruce-Brown, on the leading Fiat car, held a start of Boillot, on the Peugeot, of 6¼min, with Wagner, on the other Fiat, 25min behind the leader. Boillot reduced the lead to a few seconds on the third round of the day and the thirteenth of the race itself, and led on the fourth by nearly twenty-five minutes, owing to bad tyre troubles happening to the Fiat. I should say here, by way of parenthesis, that the race was, indeed, a tyre contest, and Boillot's win was largely due to the excellent wearing qualities of the Continental tyres he used. In fact, tyres lost the Fiats the race and nothing else, as these cars were smarter away and picked up and changed like lightning in comparison with their rivals. The American drivers and their mechanics evoked round after round of applause from the spectators in the grand stands for the record times they made in changing tyres and filling up in a few seconds. It was this quickness that gave the Fiats the lead on the first day, when they used up twenty tyres for each car.

BOILLOT TAKES THE LEAD.

Great excitement was shown by the specta
hen Boillot too lead.
oed when
up near

Extract from "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH," June 27th, 1912,

Concerning the Grand Prix.

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD.
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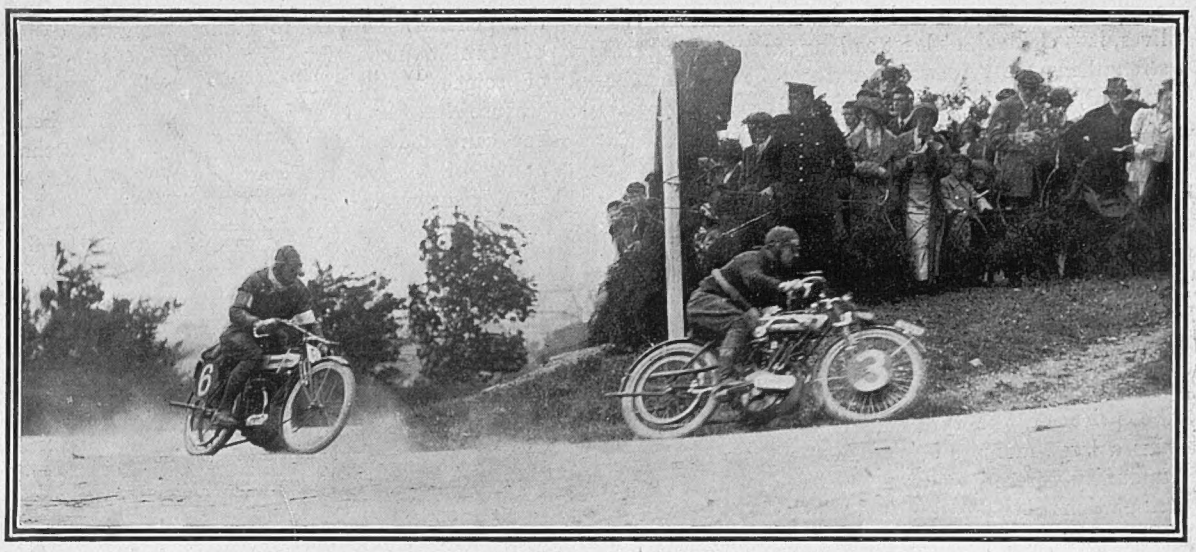


THE BLUE RIBAND OF MOTOR CYCLING

The annual Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man well maintains its popularity with competitor and spectator alike. This year it was splendidly won by Applebee on a twin-cylinder, two-stroke 3½ h.p. Scott, fitted with Continental Tyres, at an average speed of 48½ m.p.h. for the 187½ miles. The illustration shows Heaton, 3½ h.p. Dot, leading Hart-Davies, 3½ h.p. Triumph, and cutting the famous hairpin corner close

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Dressing the Tyre

Tyre jackets, tyre vests, tyre gaiters — almost we have dressed our tyres out in a complete suit of clothes. These, and any number of other devices which do not take their names from the tailor, are symptomatic of one fact and one desire. The fact is that the tyre is still—and that despite the genius that has poured itself out upon its improvement—a comparatively fragile creature, full of whimsies, and weaknesses, and the ills to which its constitution and the conditions of its existence make it inevitably heir. The desire is constant in most motorists for a remedy for those weaknesses. They spell delay and irritation and labour, and a monetary drain most dismal to contemplate. As I mentioned last week, it took me many hours, cost me many sovereigns, much language, and some altogether intolerable toil to cover fifty miles recently. These things do not inspire the singing of songs, but they *do* cause the hope that springs eternal to work a little overtime in our human breasts when anyone comes along with a new palliative. Upon the existence of that hope and the fact of tyre weakness the inventor builds. Hence, among other things, the Marshall Tyre Jacket.

THE FIRST AMATEUR

J. R. Haswell, on his 3½ h.p. Triumph, who finished second in the Senior Tourist Trophy Race. He was the first amateur, and his Triumph was the first single cylinder, the first belt driven, and the first air-cooled machine

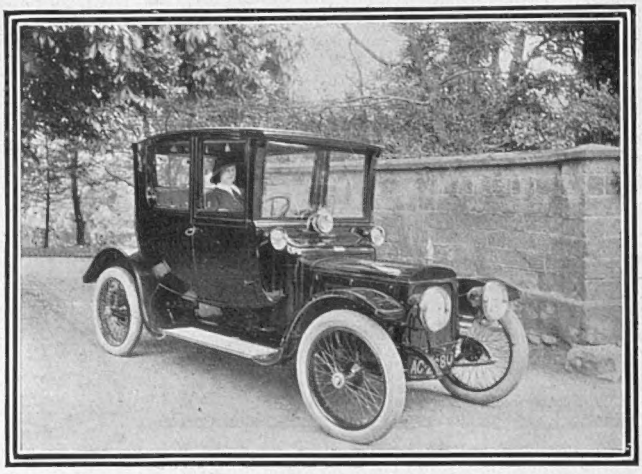
The Marshall Jacket

I made my first running acquaintance with the Marshall Tyre Jacket recently—on a great luxuriously-fitted, saloon-bodied car that seated twelve as comfortably as a Pullman. It is indeed, a Pullman of the road, with tyres of 1,000mm. by 150mm., and scales, fully loaded, nearly four tons. Clearly the tyre jacket that can live upon a vehicle of that type and give satisfactory results is an accessory to be closely considered. At any rate, the syndicate responsible for the jacket was not concerned to demonstrate its qualities under the most advantageous conditions. That was a fact which weighed somewhat with me. The knowledge that the first year's output was brought up by the Daimler Company is another fact that inspires the comment complimentary. It is true we could get no very notable speed out of so heavy a 'bus (thirty would be its maximum, I should say), but in a little run to Maidenhead and back the jacket managed to convey the definite impression that it was a real protection for the tyres, doing its work without heating, or creeping, or slowing the car, while obviously it must act as a puncture-preventer of large virtue. I have it on entirely responsible and disinterested authority that upon fast cars it serves its turn to equally good purpose.

What It Is

It is an endless envelope of enormous strength, ribbed longitudinally and fashioned to the contour of the tyre, sheathing it completely to the bead. It is practically an immovably self-gripping tyre covering the ordinary tyre. It is fitted with

comparative ease, costs less than an ordinary tyre, lives, it is claimed, at least as long; is puncture proof, strengthens the tyre walls, and can be had in steel-studded, non-skid form if desired. It means that the ordinary tyre is armoured against the friction of the road, the wear being taken up by the jacket. If the tyre itself is practically intact at the end of the running-life of the jacket, and the running-life of the jacket is at least equal to that of an ordinary tyre, then the advantage to the motorist is the difference between the price of the jacket and the price of the tyre plus a large measure of immunity from the tribulations of the road; from which deduct the initial cost of the jackets. The idea is that you just replace the outworn jacket by another, leaving the tyre *in situ*. That tyre, of course, will not last indefinitely. Tyre beads particularly are constructed for an age, not for all time. However, to meet the bead weakness of some tyres and to ensure a tyre constitutionally compatible with the jacket, Mr. Marshall has devised a tyre of his own made in exactly the same way as the jacket, yet with the bead extension homogeneously incorporated with the rest of the tyre. These two should mate excellently and be productive of much profit and content to their users. I commend them to your intimate study.

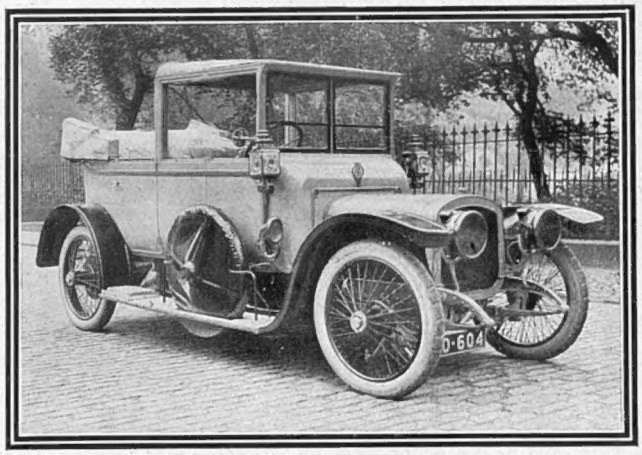


A SMART TURN-OUT

A 20 h.-p. Daimler, owned and driven by Mrs. Rowland Hewitt, a motoring enthusiast and an expert in the management of her car

Incorrigible

The Automobile Association makes a hopeless proposition for the man who would argue that it has lost its appeal for the private motorist. "Once the motorist attains to the dignity of a respectable person," said the prophets, "the occupation of the A.A. is gone." Instead of which the A.A. continues to break records in membership every month and the motorist climbs to higher heights of citizenship. That would be quaint if it could not be explained upon the hypothesis of service, because, as I have previously remarked, even the average motorist rejoicing in nearly four-fifths of the freedom of a horse-driver is not generally anxious to make an annual donation of two guineas for the good of the health of somebody in Whitcomb Street. He pays because he gets two guineas' worth, and because he can see that every year the purchasing power of his guineas increases. This year, *pace* Mr. Joynson Hicks, M.P., the chairman of the A.A., speaking at the annual general meeting the other day, the new move is sentry-boxes and telephones. The A.A. patrol has been very largely increased in numbers and usefulness. The idea is to fix him up with a sentry-box at intervals of ten miles along main routes, particularly near large towns. The sentry-box (there are many in existence already) will then be fitted with a telephone free to the use of members except for trunk calls. The scout patrols the road on a bicycle between the boxes, and the member is, therefore, constantly in touch with assistance should he require it. That, when the organisation is complete, will be splendid. Moreover, that sentry-box is full of other possibilities—but these are not for present discussion; nor, because of space, are the other items of interest raised at this annual meeting. There were many such, but they must keep for a while.



A DELECTABLE DELAHAYE

Being a 20-30 h.-p. chassis bearing a very distinctive cabriolet body with inside drive. Its gas is mixed in the Claudel-Hobson carburettor which achieved such distinction in the Grand Prix

In Compression

"Eastern England's biggest garage," with accommodation for 400 cars. That is Mann Egertons, of Norwich—a fine organisation that has developed to its present size upon progressive ideas and that concern for the interests of customers which must always come by its reward. The firm holds many excellent agencies, has fine showrooms, a specially large exhibit of second-hand cars, and a body-building factory of four floors equipped with notable thoroughness and efficiency. Certainly one of the most deservedly successful motor businesses in provincial England.

The merit of Michelin. Eight out of the first ten in the Grand Prix and the first six in the competition for the Coupe de l'Auto were on Michelins. The three Michelin-shod Sunbeams which were the only team to finish, won in addition to the Auto Cup, the trophy for reliability. Sweeping, but—Michelin!